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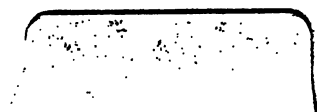
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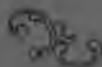


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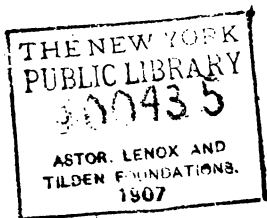
THOUGHTS ON
BOOKS TO READ
— AND —
BOOKS TO BURN

A COMPILATION IN THREE PARTS

CONTAINING EVIDENCE THAT PURE MINDS AND
USEFUL PEOPLE ARE NOT THE PRODUCT
OF THE CHEAP TRASHY NOVEL.



BY
C. E. BLAKEMAN.



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INTRODUCTION

Many years ago the writer noticed several instances where young people were injured by the reading of sensational novels. One of the parties referred to is now serving a twenty years' sentence in a state penitentiary, the direct result of reading accounts of tragedies where the approving light of the novelist was turned on the scene; and every time, since his conviction, that I think of the case, I wish to help warn others of the danger and the nonsense in devoting one's time to such reading. and for over fifteen years I have been watching for a book especially adapted and entirely devoted to warning people young and old of the necessity of greater care in the selection of what young people read.

I have inquired repeatedly at the book stores and watched the publishers' lists in vain. We have scores of books on less important subjects, but none on this and nearly all the short articles touching on this important subject that I have seen, have been in the deeply religious papers; consequently were hidden from the ones most in need of suggestions on this line.

And now having waited in vain for a score of years, and acting on the approval of a large number of parents whose advice I have personally asked, I have grouped together in this book all the valuable thoughts that I have been able to secure. I have not done this work as a matter of choice, but because no one else would and I now submit it to the use of all interested parties.

Presented to

By

PART I.

School Days AND Lumber-Camp Life

I was born in Michigan during the early part of the sixties, when the government had called for the able men to leave home and help to uphold the Union.

During the two following years, death claimed three out of our family of nine, leaving my mother a widow with five children under the age of sixteen, the two older ones being girls. Mother had possession of a cheap farm, which had about twenty-five acres improved.

These conditions made it very hard for mother to provide for the family, and as I consider all the circumstances, I wonder that she was able to maintain a home at all.

The school house was one mile and a half from our home, and when I first attended the summer term they were just building the railroad that runs from Allegan over into Ohio. It runs just at the side of the school playground, and I remember more about the building of the road than I do about my lessons for that term. The way they plowed, shoveled and drew the dirt to cut through a hill from fifteen to twenty feet high was wonderful to me. The earth they removed was used to make a fill across a small swamp that had provided a skating pond.

One day a shoveler made the mistake of slapping a horse which was in his way. The teamster, a large, strong man, at once by a dexterous and powerful blow of his whip, struck the shoveler on the cheek, cutting it so the blood flowed down his chin. Several other incidents of a repulsive nature occurred; and I had no thought that I would ever be connected with camp work. I was afraid of such men. But we cheered when the trains went puffing by, for they came along in due time. We had seven months of school in a year. By the time I was old enough to go to school in the winter I was large enough to work for wages in the summer time, for the snow and wind had much to do with the roads in those years, giving us a mile and a half of snowbanks. So my schooling averaged about three and a half months each year from the time I was six years old until I was fourteen.

I had then grown tired of some features of school. I will say, though, for the justification of my superiors in school, that I was one of the most persistent trappers of the coon, mink, muskrat and skunk, and sometimes I could not get all the musk off my hands before reaching school. However, Michigan fur brought the highest market price, and for a coon or skunk to make tracks in the snow across my road to school usually meant for him to lose his hide and me to pocket the price of it.

But mother always sent me to school while I yet remained at home, and urged me to diligently apply myself to my work there. The teacher once offered a prize to the one that would stand at the head of

the spelling class the most times during that term. This gained my attention, and I could then cross a skunk or mink track on my way to school. This teacher unfortunately shared the prevailing sentiment that I was an inferior, but I acquired some degree of independence, and I studied just as I ought to have been doing all the while, and ought to have kept on doing until I had graduated from a high school, at least. However, hard studying was not in vain. When the last day of the term came, and the exercises of the day were over, all of us were wondering about the prize. All had kept close tab on the tally sheet, and knew that I had won it. I sat on one of the back seats, and just before dismissing us, the teacher came down the aisle to my seat and whispered in my ear, saying, "After school you come to my desk and I will give you your prize." The boys sitting close to me at once began to ask in whispers, "What did she say?" I, delighted, replied, "She says she has got something for me." The school being dismissed, I immediately made a race for the desk. The teacher handed me a picture thoroughly wrapped in a light brown paper. I got the impression that she did not want anyone else to see it, so I grabbed my cap and dinner pail and was off for home in half the usual time, with about half of the school besieging me for a look at the picture. I got out doors and nearly off the school grounds when they collared me and took a look at it. It was a little lithograph, eight by ten inches, costing probably ten cents. It was not torn, and I took it home.

I made one more attempt at going to school, but I

had a few cheap books containing stories which I read and reread even against my mother's wishes. This reading of stories, of which mother disapproved, gave me the big head by spells, and during those spells I would go when and where I wanted to. The following winter I tried going to school in another district. I went to the director and asked what he would charge to let me come one term. He was a kindly-minded man, and said I might come for one-half dollar, just enough to be a charge, and thus maintain the law, which did not permit one to leave their own school district to attend in another without a recompense. The director was running a sawmill, which was at the lower end of a long mill pond made by damming up a creek which ran through part of my trapping ground. There were quite a number of planks floating in the pond, and he said he would give me five cents apiece for pulling them out on the shore. I took the job, and in a short time I had earned as much as he had charged me. I went to school a few weeks, but worked with a sawing machine when opportunity came. In the crew were men who were used to working in the pine logging camps, and in their company I lost interest in school, and never attended district school again. Most of the lumber camps were quite a distance away, and I was pretty small yet to think of doing a man's work. But my sawing machine friends read novels with me, and told about big times in the camps. These things had an influence over me. I ceased studying, and read only for pastime.

SECTION II.

I first learned to trap skunks by catching those that came to mother's hen house. It was exciting sport, and the skins brought cash. Then the price of my first furs made me anxious to catch more game, and I began a campaign against skunks, muskrats, minks and coons. There were many creeks and lakes in the woods and swamps near where we lived, and at the age of fourteen I knew them well, and seldom got lost in the woods. Fish from the lakes, black squirrels and rabbits from the woods were acceptable to mother, and she usually let me hunt as much as I cared to. I do not remember mother ever buying any meat except pork, and usually that in small quantities. I always started trapping for furs about the middle of October, and I remember the first coon that I ever caught. A tiny island in the middle of a creek right by the lake was his unfortunate landing place. I ran my boat ashore and crossed to the island on a tamarack pole. He straightened up and growled like a small dog, and the amount of work it took to kill him surprised me. He was medium sized, and weighed seventeen pounds, and his hide brought enough to buy ammunition for several months. I had acquired the art of catching muskrats, and often would start for home with all I could carry of green rat skins, with my gun and light ax always making part of my load. But there was so much more excitement about hunting coons that it became my choice sport. One time I tried to take a large coon home alive. He weighed about twenty pounds, and

gave me battle so determinedly that I gave it up, after spending about an hour with him, and only took his skin. One fall a friend, by the name of William Near, who was a good hunter and trapper of small game, and myself went in as partners. We first went north, where there were some deer, and after hunting several days for the deer that came and destroyed a settler's sweet corn, we began to conclude that it would be more sport and more profitable to hunt coons, and I, for my part, have never changed my mind from that conclusion, which was arrived at one day about three o'clock, at which time we sighted a settler's house and purchased a meal, the first one that we had sat down to in a day and a half, as we had been lost in a cedar swamp, and all that we had eaten for about one day was a roasted partridge. We returned to my old trapping grounds and camped in the woods by Snobble Lake in an old shanty. We decided to improve upon the usual plan of killing the coons as soon as caught. So we made a large box-like cage and removed them from the traps into it. As the weather grew colder their fur became better. But there was lots of resistance made by the little fellows when we handled them, which gave us much sport. One day we were paddling along the west shore of the lake, one sitting in each end of the boat, when, for some reason, I wished to go to Will's end of the boat. There was an old mother coon chained to one side of the boat at about the middle. She had about two feet of chain, and as I walked near the middle of the small boat so as not to cause *it to tip*, I stepped close to her, and she made a spring

for me, and, much to the amusement of Will, she got me, and was not in any hurry to let go. I jumped around a little, nearly putting everything overboard before I got where I could see the funny side of it. She snarled as she landed on my leg, and started up like a cat going up a post. I also was going some about then, but the chain held her, and thus her teeth were pulled out of my overalls at the back of my leg. There were lots of such little incidents, and the laugh was not always on me, and so I enjoyed this joke with him. I now had no mother to take a string of squirrels to, and none to warn me of bad company, and while in rough company I little heeded her kind words.

We needed dogs for hunting coons at night, and so I bought a fine black and tan hound. His name was Joe. We had a small black dog for rabbit hunting. His name was Mage. And a friend by the name of Holton had a fine large spotted hound that was an excellent coon dog. He hunted with us sometimes, and we had lots of sport. When severe weather came we quit our trapping and went to cutting wood. So I sold Joe, as I had no way to take care of him. But I learned to hunt coons without a dog. I will give an account of one night's hunt.

One evening in February, when there was a mild atmosphere, just a little too warm to freeze, I started out with a friend to hunt coons. His given name was Squire, and he was a great climber. We walked through the woods about a mile without seeing a track, though we knew that coons were quite plenty in these woods. *We were about decided to give it up and go home,*

though we had been there a few days before and killed two. Their fur was prime and quite valuable, and Squire said to me: "I'll go up there on that hill and look, then we will go home. You wait here." Presently he whistled, and I hurried over to him. He stood by the trail of three coons. The tracks were very fresh, and we started after them. They went by an old red oak stub, and apparently went up, and only two came down. We estimated that if they had stayed up the stub any length of time that they could not be far away, and with the hope of making them tree close by, we began to mimic a pair of hounds, and made all possible speed. The snow was about ten or twelve inches deep, and soon we saw evidence that we had guessed well, for the tracks showed just where the coons took fright and began to run with all speed. This also was the place for us to nerve up a little more. We yelled and tore through the bushes, making every possible noise. The coons made all the more plain a trail as they hurried faster. We knew that they were young coons, and had come from a den not far away. They made small tracks, and kept right side by side. Old coons never travel that way. They soon came to a part of the woods where there was a crust on the snow, as a light north breeze caused it to be cold on the north side hills, so the snow that was on land sloping north had a crust strong enough to carry them. This was unexpected by us, and our ardor abated at once, but we could not give them up without any further effort. They could not climb a tree without shelling off small *bits of bark* that would show on the pure white snow,

and we circled around to all the large trees near by, going partly by the light of our lantern, but more by the faint moon. Finally we discovered, by the roots of an oak, plenty of evidence that something had climbed the tree. It was only about sixteen inches in diameter, tall and solid, offering no winter shelter for coons, or even squirrels, and nothing having climbed it before, there was a great quantity of bark and moss that only needed a touch to loosen it, and the snow was just covered with bits of bark. We were positive that our game had tried this tree. But right here we had to observe that we were not up to our job as well as a hound, for he could have told whether they had gone away or not. We lodged a small tree into the oak, and Squire went up, and to our delight found both coons, which he knocked off from the limbs, and I was waiting below with a good club and a gun, and killed them both. We did not stop to skin them, but carried them to where the other one had gone up the great stub. We were in hopes that he had come down, but he, no doubt, had heard the noise that we made after the other two, and feared to do so. The stub was a model coon tree, about four feet in diameter and solid at the stump, thirty or more feet high, and mostly hollow. We chopped a long time. It was hard, and we only had one ax. But after much working and wishing, it really did crack a little. We had earned the little coon, but hoped that we might find others in the tree. Squire had taken the dangerous places after the other two, and now it was my turn to run the risk of getting hurt. *The great stub would hit some small trees and*

knock them down, thus making it dangerous out near the place where the coon would come down. But when the tree was down I ran around the top and stopped to listen and look, with the lantern in one hand and a club in the other. Small limbs came rattling harmlessly down, making quite a noise. By this time there was a little crust all over the snow that made a noise whenever a small limb hit it. It was near morning, and getting cold. This was in our favor, for no coon could leave without our hearing him as long as we both kept still. Presently I spied something, and made for it. It ran, and so did I. There was an old rail fence close by, and he made for that. A coon will never run on the ground if he can find a log or fence that runs the direction that he wants to go. When he reached the fence I was so close after him that he did not want to take the top rail and follow it, as they usually do. He slipped through, and I jumped over after him. Then he played it back on me again. That time after I cleared the fence I set the lantern down on the snow and took both hands to the club. He was a very large, tough fellow, and took lots of blows before he gave out, and in our dodging about he or I knocked the lantern over and broke the globe. My partner had agreed to stay at the stump and kill any that came that way. I yelled to him to watch for the little one, for it was a big one I was clubbing. When my coon laid still, I listened and we could not hear anything stir. There was a little light from the cloud-covered moon. This, added to the snow light, made it easy to *see anything dark* if it moved. I went to the top of the

crushed shell of the old oak stub and stood on the pieces, and listened. I could hear nothing, but there was something dark right close to me that attracted my attention, and thinking that it was a great chunk of the broken wood, I gave it a careless punch with the end of my stick, and to my surprise it gave a bound and a snarl. I gave chase, and soon clubbed him down near where the first one lay. This was more than my companion could stand to see me having all the fun and he left his post and came down hill to where the top of the old stub lay. As I was coming back from finishing the second one he lifted up a very large coon and said, "Did you kill this one?" It had been crushed by the side of the log which fell in on him, and we at this very moment saw another one look out of a hole in the side of the log farther toward the stump. We stopped up the hole and took some time to look for tracks by the aid of his lantern, as it was possible that others might have got away while I was making so much noise after the two that I killed. No tracks were to be found except those made by the dead ones, and we went to chop out the one that we had seen pull his head in the hole in the log. We soon found that he had squeezed out of a long crack in the side of it. We followed to the butt, and there were his four tracks showing where he hit in the snow and jumped a few times after which he had walked carefully, and thus did not break through the crust which was now quite stout all over the surface of the snow. We spent some time on him, but had to give him up, and by the *time we had skinned the five that we had it was get-*

ting daylight. Many such times have I enjoyed and for me it is far ahead of hunting large game.

SECTION III.

The fall of seventy-eight found me about half way between home and the lumber woods. I had worked all summer for a farmer, and in harvest time had cradled about thirty acres of wheat, doing just as much as any of the men that were hired by the day, though I worked for ten dollars a month and they received two dollars per day. This convinced me that I was no boy. If I could get a job in the woods I would get about twenty dollars a month, so when I had completed my six months' work, for which term I had hired out, I visited mother, and then packed my grip for the winter camps. I took the G. R. & I. train from Martin to Grand Rapids, then the D. & M. to Ionia, where I took the train to Stanton, arriving there in the evening. This was the first time I ever stayed at a hotel over night, and I remember that evening quite distinctly. The waiting room was a barroom, the clerk, a bartender. Two men that were drinking asked him to drink with them. He said, "You see, my eyes are sore—which indeed was very noticeable—"and the Doctor says he cannot cure them unless I stop drinking, but when they get well I'll drink again."

Next morning in company with two others, I started *out to find some camps* that we were told were out

east a couple of miles. We easily found our way until we came to a place where the roads forked. There was a rough board sign, lettered—Sabin and Snow, Lower Camp. We could not make out which road would lead us to the Lower Camp, for the sign had been nailed on a tree between the two roads, but we took the one which led to the right, and followed it perhaps a mile, and then came in sight of a large log building. As we drew nearer to the camp, for it proved to be Sabin and Snow's lower camp, I caught sight of something that engaged my whole attention until we stood by the side of the building. A large pole, resting one end on the ground and the other against the top part of the shanty—just the same as farmers sometimes put up a pole to hang hogs on at butchering time—held a large black bear. It was the first one I had ever seen, and a man who evidently understood his business, was dressing it just the same as one would dress a hog, and while I gazed at him he took out the lungs and looked them over closely; he made a careful cut with his knife, then inserted his fingers and quickly drawing them out, he held up a small dark object, saying, "there it is, that's what bothered the old fellow." It was the lead ball that caused the bear's death.

Just then one of the contractors came along, and we made our errand known at once. He said we might all of us go to work, but would have to go to the other camp. So we hired out and started at once, but before leaving the place I heard him say to another *man*—"Take some of the meat over to the other

camp, for if we don't, the boys over there will be jealous." We found the camp without much difficulty, and went to work. I knew how to chop and saw, and had done lots of it for one of my age, but I did not know how to get the right job.

These contractors had to peel their logs before skidding them, and that is hard, disagreeable work, so there was great lack of men for that part of the work, and I said, "Yes, I'll do that, and took an ax and a cant-hook and started without any misgivings. I put in the rest of the day as best I could. Coming in at dark, I was a little bit surprised at the appearance of the camp. There were a lot of men, but they did not seem to act as I thought men would be likely to. I stood back out of the way for safety while they used the wash-basin and comb, then I ventured to make use of them, too. Presently the call to supper sounded, and another something new occurred. The way those fellows went to supper was not slow, they did not behave very gentlemanly, but the supper was eatable, especially was the bear meat good, which had been sent over as ordered; it was very nice indeed and tasted much like lean boiled pork. After supper I heard the particulars as to the killing of the bear, how several of them had bothered about the cook shanties, coming at night while every one was asleep and making a muss by overturning the slop pails, and once getting a tub of butter. On the evening before, one of the men stayed awake by a kitchen window to watch, and about midnight was rewarded by the appearance *of bears, who probably smelled food in the kitchen, for*

one stood up to put his paws into the window, which was open, thus giving an excellent opportunity for a shot at the heart, but in the quick aim the mark was missed by a very little, but struck almost as sure a vital spot. Then all the hunting spirits turned out and chased and hunted him for some time, finally securing him about a half mile from camp. All this was interesting, still not being accustomed to such a place I was quite uncomfortable, there being so many—about forty-five, I think—of the roughest of ruffians, according to my idea of men at that time.

SECTION IV.

The night wore away, and the next morning I found myself somewhat sore from the new work, which was peculiarly different from chopping. In chopping one strikes with about the same force all the time, as the tree or log stops the force of the ax at just about the same place every time, while in peeling a log it is quite different. Pine bark is quite brittle, and especially is this the case with the white pine, this being the kind at which we were working, I found it to be an exceedingly difficult job. The bark being quite thick and stout, required a pretty hard blow in order to force the ax along any distance between the wood proper and the inside of the bark, also each blow must be pretty well aimed. Years later I learned the art, but the morning of which I am now writing, I went out to experience failure. After breakfast all hands scattered in different

directions, some to chop, some to saw and others to skid logs. I went with the same peeling gang with which I worked the day before. I watched the others as they started in at one end and noticed that they took off a strip of bark just the width of an ax blade the whole length of the log. But if the ax trembled any, it either stopped short in the real timber or else curved right out of the bark and the force of the ax must be stopped by the same hand that gave the blow, thus giving that arm about double the amount of work when the ax glanced out. I found that the effort required to stop the ax as it glanced out came on untrained muscles, and before night my arm ached badly and became weak. It was the rule to call for a lift when necessary. The two other peelers working near always helped me with little hesitation when I called, but I was used to rolling logs, having spent many days at that work in the clearing of timbered land in Ionia and Allegan counties, where in those days most of the hard wood logs were rolled together and burned, most of the country being heavily timbered with beech and maple trees. I disliked to call for help often, and so overdid in lifting. Sometimes all the men at hand could not roll a log, which perhaps lay in a narrow hollow or between stumps or trees. All hardwood trees were left standing.

A gang of men consisted of two sawyers, three peelers, one skidder and a swamper. Those who were born and live on the prairie perhaps would appreciate a more complete description of their work. The *sawyers fell the trees* and cut them up into logs of

various lengths. A crooked tree being cut into short lengths, and straight ones into longer portions, varying from twelve to twenty feet. Next come the peelers, taking off the bark. This makes the logs much easier to handle, that is to draw along on the ground to the skidways. It also renders them proof against being worm eaten the next summer in the woods in case they should be left, as they might be if there was not enough snow; or there were not teams enough to draw them out to the river on sleighs. The bark all being off, also makes them easier to handle in the river after the log drive starts in the spring, for they were to be driven down the river to the mills below to be sawed into lumber. Close after the peeling men comes the swamper, who cuts away all the brush and trash and windfalls, thus making a road from the logs to the skidway. A skidway is situated by the side of the hauling road which leads to the river or mill, and is built by clearing a space about fifty by one hundred feet or more, at the side of the road, usually a place is selected that descends toward the road, then two very tall slim trees are chosen by sometimes going far into the woods to find the best. The skidder tries to get the mten or twelve inches at the base, and about fifty or sixty feet long, and they take something that approaches these dimensions, not usually finding the ideal. There must be two of these skids for each skidway; they are laid lengthwise of the cleared space about seven or eight feet apart, large ends close to where will be the sleighs that are to draw the logs away sometime later. This skidder brings his oxen

along the road made by the swamper to the logs, hitches to them, then the cattle play their part, usually doing it in a way that deserves something beside the goadstick. They are piloted by the driver to the skidway the first time, and after that a good yoke of oxen that have spent one winter in the woods will take a common sized log to the skidways alone if the road is straight and smooth enough so the log will not catch against knolls, roots or projecting logs. Arriving at the skidway they must be carefully driven across the skid lest the log shall displace the skids. Once the log is partly on each skid the cattle are unhitched and the log rolled along on the skids to the front end and the first one is firmly blocked, the rest being rolled against it. The bottom course of logs is then covered by another, and so on up until the logs are piled quite high. This is called decking them up, they being rolled on by the aid of a yoke of oxen and a decking line—which is a very long rope or light chain—by the aid of which the team can move a log that is fifty or one hundred feet away. In decking up the logs there are usually two men beside the teamsters. They are called canthook men because they use canthooks all the time. It was the oxen that helped me out sometimes in peeling those logs, when men and canthooks could not turn a log the teamster's help was called for. Lumber woods oxen are usually of the best quality, and when this team was hitched to my log they rolled it right over.

By the time the sun was getting low the second *evening of my work* as a log peeler, the other men

noticed that I was trying to do my part, and spoke to me quite encouragingly, though I could not help seeing that my logs looked rougher than theirs, as I had cut into the wood more times than they, for they being used to it made theirs look very smooth. At quitting time I was completely tired out and very glad to stop work.

The evening passed much the same as the previous one. The man who killed the bear at the lower camp came in early in the evening on his way to Stanton with the hide. He spread it out on the floor and gave us all a chance to see it. During the evening much of the conversation of the men was about bears and hunting. This of course, interested me, what I could hear of it, but I kept back a little from the main crowd, as they were too rough for me. Finally bed time, then morning came and I found myself so sore and lame that I could not work at all. This made me ashamed of myself. I had thought I could do a man's work in the woods and draw full pay. Instead, here I was laid up the first thing, and only a laughing stock for the whole camp. I could not reconcile myself to these strange big ruffians and I was sure they would make it intolerable for me if I stayed in the shanty to rest up and get over my lameness, so I just got up from breakfast and started for home without seeing the paymaster or any one else. When I got back where I was acquainted I cut wood and used the ax and saw just about as much as I would have done if I had known how to hire out for that kind of a job in the camp at Stanton. A little lack of knowledge was all that caused

me to lose the job in camp where I would have drawn about twice as much pay as I got at cutting wood.

SECTION V.

About the middle of July, 1880, in company with another man, I was traveling a lonely road through the dense pine woods; nearly all day we had walked side by side. He was an experienced denizen of the "North Woods" about twenty-six years of age, and a man weighing about one hundred and sixty pounds, about five feet, seven inches in height, with brown hair and blue eyes, and an ugly red mustache.

I had come to the heart of the pinery to find him. We had never been together much after I was five years of age, but he was my brother. We crossed from Sherman, on the Manistee river, toward Cadillac, looking for work. A little after dark we arrived at T. D. Lillie's camp, thirteen miles northeast of Cadillac, and the foreman said "yes, I can give you a job if you can saw logs." We were glad when asked if we had been to supper, and were soon busy satisfying our appetite, in the cook shanty. The cook was a large man by the name of Shafer. He sat reading while we ate our supper, turning once to ask where we were from.

The table at which we sat was arranged for sixty men, and there was another just like it, the plates were lined along the edges, showing that there were about *one hundred men* to take meals there, this being an

unusually large camp. When supper was over we entered the men's shanty.

This was the largest log building that I had ever entered, being perhaps forty by sixty feet. It was early bedtime and many of the men were now lying in their bunks, of which there were enough to accommodate about one hundred and thirty men. My brother had the shanty way, and we were not noticed by very many. One man in particular got my attention. He was perhaps forty-five years or more of age, easily six feet in height, large boned and his step was peculiar, on account of a weak ankle over which he wore an iron brace outside of his boot, giving him a peculiar gait. He was the filer, the man that filed the saws for all of the sawyers, who were cutting logs. We were noticed by him on account of the fact that we were going to cut logs and would come continually in contact with him. My brother soon had his good will and he was inclined to be friendly from the first evening in camp. His name was Bill Harrington. When the foreman sung out "nine o'clock," everyone turned in. I had said very little, preferring to keep quiet, and not show by conversation that I was a greeny.

There was a board bench running all the way around the shanty just at the edge of the lower bunk, and there were three tiers of bunks. Card playing had been the pastime during the evening. One other thing was noticeable—it was the quietness of so large a number of men. In this country the men were those who followed camp life the year around, and they are

a different class from those farmers and farm boys who go into camp for the winter and then back to the farm. These men conversed more in an undertone, loud words were an indication of blows. They played cards, but for a stake of some kind much of the time. In the course of time I became more acquainted with them and found that there were fugitives from several lands. Some went to justice from this camp, and some that ought to have gone escaped. One old man by the name of Lawrence from near Hastings was the best singer and the worst drunkard in the camp; the rest were mostly bidding fair to prove themselves his equal later on, at one specialty or the other. The idea of saving money hardly seemed to occur to these men, and somehow among them I lost my desire to keep my money. When working among the farmers I saved the most that I earned and in a year from the time that I began to work in this camp I had used all that I earned and all that I had saved before that time.

Morning came and we started to cutting logs; my brother was perfectly at ease. He was a good judge of the timber; some was rotten, which was usually called punkey. I was quite good at the end of the saw, and drew full pay, twenty-six dollars per month, and that was as much as anyone drew. At first I did not like these men, and at last there was little friendship in our acquaintance. I chewed tobacco continually, and it gave me quite a good standing as a camp hand.

Most of the time during the middle of the day we *could keep in the shade*, and this made it quite toler-

able, but the pitch oozed out of the pine logs and made the saw fun hard.

One day Mr. Lillie said: I want a man to scale logs at the rollway. That was a job that in a week's time would not require as much real labor as we were doing in one-half day. How I did wish that it was possible for me to say that I could do that, but I had no education to speak of, and could not do it. Another man that was swamping after us said "I can do that," and he got the job. He was not any brighter than many of the rest of us, but he had acquired a common education and could do any simple thing like scaling logs. Things like this made me feel ugly, but I was getting used to it now. I had missed a chance to work in a store for a country storekeeper by the name of Hewitt because I was not good at figures. The logs that we cut the first month or so were skidded right to the rollway and towed across the lake to the saw mill. One day we got orders to move to a distant part of the woods, where a new tramway had been built. The cars were soon to be started and there was some speculation in camp about who would be the brakeman. The camp was right by the lake about five rods, I think, from the water, and perhaps it was twenty rods along the shore from it to where the tramway ended out over the water in such a depth that the logs when rolled off the cars would float away in the boom. The boom is made by chaining the ends of very long logs or whole tree trunks together and stretching them across a body of water, fastening them to opposite shores, or stringing them around in a cir-

cular form to be filled with logs. The other end of this tramway was on a high hill over a mile back in the woods, and the plan was to have the cars run by the force of gravity. There were other small hills on the line between the high one and the lake, so they must come down the farther hills with force enough to carry them up the next, and so on to the lake. A rather uncommon and dangerous plan. It would require a brakeman for each car and some teams to draw back the empty cars. The track was made of square timbers instead of iron rails, and proved to be quite troublesome. Not many were anxious for the job of braking the cars down from the big hill, though the rest of the way it was not very dangerous, but there were enough volunteers to operate them, and several gangs were set to cutting and skidding. We got orders to work on the big hill. This gave us a long walk and always made us among the last to reach the camp. I disliked this, and so one evening when we had picked up our tools for the night and were almost out to the skidway, I said to my brother, "There is a car just ready to go in; let's climb on and ride, some of the rest are getting on," but he said "O, I guess we had better take a little more time and walk it." There were accidents more or less serious almost every day, but I was a little more tired than he, and would have risked it anyway, only I did not wish to leave him behind, so I decided to walk, and indeed it was very fortunate for me that he so advised. There were two other sawyers on the car as it went over the brow of the hill. The *brakeman* stood about midway of the car and managed

the brake lever by the aid of a rope attached to the end of it. They usually held the speed down at the top of the hill, and when down the incline to about level with the top of the hill ahead, they threw off the brake and let it go full force, which would carry it up the next grade. This brakeman made the first rise and over that hill at an unusual rate of speed. At the bottom of that hill was a slight curve in the track, and the car jumped the track at this place. It was loaded with car sill logs, which were cut thirty feet long and were sawed to order for freight car builders. We had walked down the large hill and up the next, and as our faces came above the top we could see down to the bottom, and it was a shocking sight that met our eyes. The car and the logs were a confused mess out in the edge of the woods. None of the men were killed, but they were a sorry looking lot. At first we thought one man was dead. We carried him to camp and a team was sent to take him to the hospital at Cadillac, where he recovered. I think two others were bruised and scratched pretty badly. I kept clear of the cars after that.

SECTION VI.

One morning Bill was filing the saws as usual at the side of the shanty about nine o'clock, when he heard a hound away in the distance. Bill was interested at once, and when he heard the baying coming gradually nearer and steadily increasing at just the

same rate, he knew that a deer had been chased until its wind was getting short and he had headed for the lake, which a deer will always do when he feels badly, as the water is their place of retreat. Bill seized a gun, of which there were plenty in camp, and made for the woods up the shore. He knew the runways and showed himself a hunter by guarding the very runway which the deer came in on, but he shot a little too quick and hit the deer on the shoulder only, breaking the shoulder blade, thus permitting the deer to land himself in the lake, where he kept himself afloat until they reached him by the use of a boat from the boom and finished him with an ax. My brother was going out of camp that day and we were at the shanty soon after the deer was landed. It was a fine specimen, a five-year-old buck, and his antlers were very perfect. When I saw how fine they were I asked Bill what he would take for them. He studied a moment and said—"Well, if I were to take them out to Cadillac, I could get five dollars for them, but if you boys want them you can have them for two. He was right, I thought, so took him up right away. Bill was starting to skin the animal when the man who helped with the boat in landing the deer came up—his work was on the boom, he had a family and lived in a little house near camp. He took out his knife and was going to help skin the deer, when Bill said he did not care for any help. This made Steve mad, and he said "what part am I going to have?" This was a little surprise to Bill, for he had not thought Steve would expect anything more than *the fun* of landing the deer. Bill knew him, but knew

him better very soon. After a little he said, "I don't know but the owner of the dog will be along, and if so, he will take the hide, and I've just promised the horns to these boys." At that Steve could not wait for Bill to finish his remarks, but began to curse him, and said that he had intended to take the horns himself. Bill was not so quickly riled and added, "you have a family and here is the venison; you can have it all if you wish. But Steve would not reason about it at all, and was bound to provoke Bill and get him to fight him, so continued to call him insulting names. Evidently he was more anxious for a fight than for any part of the deer. Bill was always slow about everything, but I was surprised at the time and provocation that it took to get him angry this time. It was more than evident that he did not want to fight. Steve was a favorite of the foreman and was himself boss over the boom gang that towed the logs across the lake. The rule in camp is when two men fight so that one is laid up, one or the other is discharged. This is the only way a contractor can suppress such a practice. Bill had a job that was hard to get, and he did not want to lose it. But Steve started away in a state of great contempt, and having gone five or six rods turned and dared Harrington. Bill forsook his good sense and stuck his knife in a board by the deer and met Steve in a smooth place. I deem it best not to give space for the details. Bill was a real friend to us and we hated to see his face covered with blood and him slowly getting worsted. Finally my brother stopped them at the request of Mrs. Helmer, who had learned of the trouble and came

running from their shack beside one in which Mr. Lillie's family lived, about a quarter of a mile away. The foreman saw the fight and was displeased with the interference. He wanted it finished and made some remarks about it to my brother, who went home and never returned to work. Such scenes of vicious encounters were very common in all camps where I worked and they are the result both direct and indirect of the reading and conversation that is made use of among camp laborers.

The most sensational novels and the illustrated accounts of the brutalizing prize fights both tell how to perform with the fists and approve of the practice, and the person who is given to an interest in them will be the most apt to make the mistake of practicing in this way when provoking people, annoy and abuse them. Very little is read by the average camp hand that tends to make him better, and with corrupting books and men to lead him downward there is little chance for a young man to improve or even hold his own while following such a life. It was harder for me now that my brother was not with me. He had always aimed the trees where they would fall to the best advantage. Now I had to take the responsibility, and got into more danger, having several narrow escapes from bad accidents. I will give an account of two which will serve to show the risks taken by all the men.

One day there was urgent need of a swamper for one of the skidding teams, and as there were plenty of *logs cut* I was told to go and swamp for the skidder.

I had seen how it was done by the men following after us, and got along with it nicely, until after a while we needed a short skid for decking up a few logs. I walked hurriedly out into the woods, probably six or seven rods, before seeing anything that I considered suitable, then finding a little tree that would furnish what we wanted I hurriedly cut it down and was trying to cut it off and bring it to the skidder in the least possible time, for these logs were being hauled as fast as we could skid them up. All at once I heard the pop, pop, that comes from the breaking of a large tree at the stump when it starts to fall, and the customary yell "Timber" from the sawyers. They had failed to give the warning as soon as they ought. The skidder sitting on the logs waiting for me now took in the situation. The tree was a very large one, a white pine, and was aimed directly at me. I had to look to see whether I was in danger or not and was a little slow about it on account of my own way of giving the timber yell. If I could not tell whether anyone was in the way or not I began to yell long before the tree was ready to fall, but if I could see plainly in the direction by tree was going, and no one was there we would not yell until the tree started. Sawing on a stump takes one's wind and he does not care to waste much on noise, but all timber cutters were under strict orders to give the timber cry under penalty of being discharged for failure to do so. As I looked around to see which way the tree was going the skidder yelled, "come out of that." I could not tell as quickly as he. If the tree top had started sideways

from me it would have been quickly discernable, but in falling straight toward me, it was harder to distinguish the motion. There were several trees between the sawyers and me; this not only hid us from each other, but added much to my danger. I was somewhat noted for walking and running, and now my legs served me well, as I caught the idea of danger from the skidder, really more than from what I could see, or the yell of the sawyer, my mind was on him as I ran. It was not a question of where I wanted to go, but where I could run, for in some places there lay brush and logs. As I went the skidder continued to shout run, run, with increasing emphasis, which showed that the danger was not getting less. I had many times seen how a large tree would knock down several others, and had this in mind as I ran. I had to run the way the tree came, and when it struck the ground behind me a gust of wind and leaves shot past me and the ground shook under my feet, and still there was a tearing and rattling overhead. I did not dare to look up for fear I might stumble. Small hardwood trees came down on both sides like whips, coming with force borrowed from the large pine in addition to their own weight, but fortunately they all missed me. To say that I was scared when I reached a place of safety would hardly express my feelings.

Another incident somewhat similar to the one just mentioned occurred about midwinter, or at any rate when there was a deep snow. Our work was now at a distant part of the woods, and the logs were drawn *on sleighs*, the days were short and we were supposed

to be in the woods and ready to begin at daylight. It often snowed at night and covered everything up. One evening we notched several trees so they would fall right and left them to be finished in the morning. The next morning it was quite a little time before daylight when we reached our place of work. We dug out our tools from under cover of logs and brush. We had one saw, two axes, several small wedges and an eight foot pole for measuring the trees into right lengths for logs. We went to the first tree we could find notched and went to work. It was very cold and we could not stand around and wait for daylight. We were unlucky, however, in taking that particular tree first. The day before we had felled a tall white pine, the top of which was broken off and left hanging in the top of another tree. We had watched it and worked under it, what was necessary the day before, but never thought of it this morning. The tree that we were now cutting down was not large, and we soon had it going. The snow was so deep we hated to wade it, and thinking of no danger from anything but the falling tree, we just stepped away from the stump far enough so that if it jumped back off the stump it could not hit us, and waited for it to come to the ground, and in coming down it struck the tree that was freighted with the loose top, pushing it over a little, then slipping past allowed the standing tree to spring back straight, with force enough to throw the loose top out in the air. It was still too dark to see well. I took my ax and the measuring pole, and when I stopped I faced around with one end of the

pole on my shoulder, the other on the snow, when that tree top came down and broke the measuring pole into pieces. The top was about six or seven inches in diameter at the large end, and barely missed me. After that I was careful what I did before daylight.

This camp sent quite a number of men to the hospital during the time I was there, with broken bones, chopped feet and so on. However, I was quite fortunate.

Soon after the last incident given, my partner at sawing, a young man from Grand Traverse, by the name of Charlie Brown, said "Let's get out of this." The board furnished us was very unsatisfactory to all hands, and I, as well as others, was restless over it. Charlie added to this by saying that he was suspicious of the spring payday, the men having been notified by the foreman one evening that no more money would be paid until April first. At this time it was common for camp men to lose part, or all of a winter's pay, the lein laws at that time not being in general use. Charlie Brown was about the only man in camp that I liked, so when he decided to leave I went with him. I took one precaution, however, that saved me ten dollars. In looking up the time I had thirty-one and one-half dollars due me, and I had just before drawn what clothes I needed. But Charlie made me suspicious, and I thought I would ask the foreman to give me an order so I could get some more clothes. He asked how much I wanted, and I told him I thought ten dollars would do, and he gave me the order so uncon-

cerned that I wished I had asked for more. I drew it in clothes and tobacco.

SECTION VII.

I then saw Mr. Lillie, which was a misnomer, for his right name would have indicated a much darker color. I told him I was going out of camp, and asked when he would pay me all up. He promised it in April, but would pay nothing before then. We had no money, either of us. We went to Cadillac and tried to get a job in some other camp. We were not afraid to say that we were good sawyers. Indeed, they were very sorry to see us leave the Lillie camp when we started out. One little lack of knowledge on our part had to be admitted, and we stood a poor chance on account of that. We found a man at a hotel who wanted some sawyers to go out to his camp. He was a pleasant appearing man, and I was quite encouraged when he said he wanted some sawyers, and I thought that he looked at me approvingly. Finally he said, "Can either of you keep your own saw in good order?" That caught me unawares. We had to own up that we were not able to do it, and so he could not hire us. Not many camps were large enough to afford a man to just do the filing. We denounced the luck, but at the same time I saw that if I had improved my opportunity I should have been a number one filer. When my brother went to the Lillie camp he was *unconcerned about anything like that*, for he was a good

filer, and that helped to make Harrington and him such chums, and either one of them would have been glad to have shown me anything I would have asked about filing. I could file some, but not enough to say I could keep a lumberman's saw all right. Charlie said if we could get to Traverse City we would be able to get work. A brother of his that did work at Lillie's was now over at Traverse, and had written that work was plenty at a camp where Charlie was acquainted. We could not walk it, the distance being about fifty miles, and the snow quite deep, nearly two feet. I had a watch in my pocket that I had bought of a farmer by the name of Stadel down in Ionia County just before going north. I thought of selling it, but could not find a buyer. Then I went to a pawnshop and asked what they could advance on it. The manager looked at it carefully and said, "I will weigh the cases and give just what they are worth for bullion." They were coin silver cases, and had pretty good works inside, but we had not money enough to pay for lodging over night, and so I let him take out the works and weigh the case. The amount that he named was sufficient, Charlie said, to land us in Traverse City. It was less than three dollars, but I accepted the amount, and we were soon on a train bound for Traverse City. It was toward midnight when we arrived there. Charlie said it was about ten miles to Stearns' camp, where there were two of his brothers working, and he had also worked for them himself; but his mother lived in that direction, and we would go there to stay over night and rest a day or two, which we did, and I was well treated.

When Charlie thought best we went to the camp and hired out to Stearns Bros. to saw logs. They were contractors putting logs into Long Lake, about ten miles south of Traverse City, for the Hannah & Lay Co. This camp was a pretty good one compared to where I had been. There was quite a little farming country around Long Lake, and this camp was half composed of farmers. It was a winter camp only. Here I made the acquaintance of a young man by the name of Tom Bennett. He was always telling me about the Betsy River drive. He had been on that drive several springs, and thought it was the only place for him after the ice went out in the spring. The Betsy River empties into Lake Michigan at Frankfort. It is a small river, but carried a great volume of logs in those days. I concluded that I would try the drive with him. He was driving a yoke of oxen for a man by the name of Iles, who owned a farm seven or eight miles from camp, and had hired his team out to skid logs for the winter. His son Bill was foreman over the Betsy River drive. About the time camp broke up and Tom went away with the oxen, he told us that he had spoken to Mr. Iles about us, and he said that Tom should bring us along when the drive started in the spring, so we promised to go with him. It was a long time before the ice was out of Green Lake, which is the source of Betsy River, and great numbers of logs were banked around the edge and on the ice of this lake, they having to be started out first of all.

As few who read these lines are acquainted with a rollway, I will describe it: A place is chosen along the

river or lake, where there is a bank of some height, the higher the better, usually, if its top is on a level with the logging road from the camp. This bank is cleared of trees, stumps and anything that will hinder a log from rolling clear to the bottom and into the water. The logging road terminates at the bank. The sleighs, wheels, trucks or cars, or whatever brings the logs from the woods, have the binding chains loosened from over the load of logs. There are always two rollway men that work together. One steps to each end of the load, and as they are usually expert with a canthook, they soon get each other's motions so that they can act together; and two men will take the logs, no matter how large or long, off the bunks and start them down the bank. Some float at first, but they soon begin to deck up higher and higher until they reach the top; then skids are laid on them and other logs rolled out over the first, and so on until a great tier is run way out on a level with the bank. This is a rollway, and when they have one as large as is best to make it, another is started close to it, and so on. While waiting for the ice to melt out of Green Lake, I was told that there was a ship timber drive started already on Platte River, which would give work ten days earlier than the Betsy River drive. I knew very little about either, and as I was impatient to get to work, I concluded to take the first work that I could get. My friend Charlie had decided not to go on the drive. We went back to the Lillie camp to draw our pay on the first of April, the time that we had been promised our pay, but Mr. Lillie declared that he did not owe us anything, and

we could do nothing but go back without it. We were just our car fare out in addition to what we had earned and did not draw.

SECTION VIII.

I hardly wanted to disappoint Tom, but I had used up my money and must go to work, so I started one morning alone for the river. I had seen the common round logs driven down some of the rivers, and had worked a few days on logs in the lake. I was large for a boy of nineteen, as large as I ever would be, having developed young, and weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds. I knew that at any kind of work that I understood I could do as much work as any man would be willing to do, and as I traveled that day I concluded to try and draw full wages. The road was sloppy, and several times I had to wade snowdrifts where it had been piled deep by the wind during the winter, and was shielded somewhat from the sun by thick growths of pine and hemlock, which never shed their green coats. The creeks were swollen by the melting snow, and the ponds were partly covered with ice. I reached the Platte River about four P. M., and after much inquiring I also found McCray's camp. I had time to investigate around camp and along the river a little before night. This was the first of April, but the men did not come in until dark. There seemed to be about twenty of them, and their uniformity was a striking feature. They seemed to be about the same

age, perhaps not far from thirty years. Three of them only were shorter than myself—five feet eight inches. One bore the name of Charles Emory, I learned later. There were two colored fellows and one Indian in the crew, but they seemed to be standard built like the rest. Of course this was but a chance occurrence, and if they were put on the scales and then stood up by a surveyor's pole they would have required several different sets of figures to express their weight and height, and still they were remarkably uniform. Their faces set me at the discount of being pretty young, but the fact that I realized this, and acted accordingly, served my purpose for the time.

When the foreman came in I asked what the chance was for a job. He knew that I was acquainted with camp life by my dress and ways, but put the question to me: "Have you been on the drive before?" I expected that, and replied: "I have never been on a square timber drive, but I have worked on round logs." I wanted him to think that I had been on a river drive, and was ready to follow up with anything necessary to establish that impression on him; but a lie won't sound just the way the speaker wants it to, and he looked at me skeptically. One thing he noticed was that I had on a pair of the finest hand-made river boots that could be bought; that showed that I knew what was needed to travel the logs with, and would pay the highest price—they cost me six dollars. He wanted more men right then, and said, "All right, go in with the men to supper." The evening was spent by the *men in calk setting* and getting their clothing, done up

ready for the first move, which was to take place in a few days. This was the winter camp, and was situated close by the river bank. From here they had gone out in every direction, during the winter, cutting down the pine and hewing it square, not cutting it up in short logs, but making them as long as they could and still be the same size the entire length, until they reached the length of forty feet.

This being a small river, it was not possible to drive the timber longer than forty feet. As soon as the timbers were all passed below the camp about a mile or so, the tent would take the place of the log shanty.

River calks are hard-tempered steel spurs that are driven in a double row and clear around the sole of the boot, just about as the nails or stitches run around on the sole of a shoe or boot. Then there are five driven in the heel, making perhaps thirty-five or more in each boot. There is no danger of slipping when these are worn, and they have saved hundreds of lives; besides, the men can do very little work without them, if the logs are peeled or hewed; but on the natural rough bark men sometimes work with common smooth-soled boots, but at very great disadvantage.

This evening the supply team which hauled the provisions for this camp came in from Traverse City after dark with the usual load of meat, flour and other camp provisions. Among other supplies were about one dozen peevies. A peevy is really a canthook with an extra good handle and a square sharp steel pike about seven or eight inches long deeply set in the lower end of the handle. This is the only tool a river man carries

on a log drive. In addition the crew carries along, for occasional use, a log chain and two axes, which are apt to cause much trouble and many a search. Bedtime came, and we retired to rest. Morning came, and with it the cry, "Turn out. Turn out." As we filed out to the breakfast shanty, I sized up the cluster of peevies that had been brought in the evening before. They were stuck up close to each other near the supply wagon. When we were done breakfast some went back to their bunks for pipe and tobacco, others stood talking expecting to hear the word which was to make them fall in line and begin the tramp to the upper water. Presently some of the men began to take their peevies, which could be seen sticking here and there, some plunged deep in the earth, some were stuck in the wall of the shanty and in standing trees close by, others were thrown carelessly by against the building. I knew better than to take one of them, for in the logging camps it is never allowable for one man to take any tool that was used the day before by another; for a man to work all day with any tool made it his until it was worn out; and to walk off with another man's ax or canthook was a rank challenge, quite apt to result in someone being laid up for a day or two, and probably a discharge of one man. And I knew the mettle of this river crew at a glance, but I also knew that if a man was to work all the time with one tool it ought to be a real good one, if he could get it. And the moment I heard the rattle of the hooks as they swung back and forth in the iron clasps that encircle *the handle* to which the hook is bolted, as they were

jerked and pried loose from where they had been stuck the evening before, I stepped quickly over where the wagon stood, ran my eye over the handles and saw that they had all been used before. Among them I noticed one as being an exceptionally fine piece of timber, and the hook was also hung to the handle just right to throw the strain in lifting on the handle the right way of the grain, rendering it as strong as possible. This was just the canthook part of it, and I was quite familiar with them. I yanked it up and looked at the part that constituted it a peevy. The pike iron was as firmly set as could be, and lined straight with the center of the handle; and to add to all this, the toe ring and ferrules that encircled and strengthened the wood all the way from the bottom and up to where the clasp united stick and hook, were on solid. By the time all these observations were made, and I had the peevy across my shoulder, there were none left standing there. The men were most of them in sight when I reached for my choice. Many of them had been using an unsatisfactory peevy on account of crooked or cracked handles, or too much play room for the hook in the clamp, which lets the point of the hook vary from the aim of the workman when he strikes it into a log. As these were a supply new at this camp, no one had a claim on them, and every man that wanted to better himself, and saw this opportunity, made a rush for it. When the friendly scuffle among them was over two things were in my favor, I had the best peevy in that lot and as good as there was in camp, and the second point, which was of more value by far, I had

made a hit with the men, for they noticed at once the fine peevy that I had, and knew that I got it by fair play, though they wanted it badly.

By my reserve in conversation I had concealed my stock of ignorance of the drive, and with one of the best pair of boots in camp on my feet, I fell into line and kept step to Jack's pace. Jack was the foreman. I was resolved to keep wide awake and not make a bad break if I could help it. I would watch the rest, and do as they did without waiting to be told. I took my place a little more than half way back from the foreman. It was now fully light in the woods, about five-thirty o'clock perhaps. We were led a swift pace, sometimes across a clearing of a few acres, sometimes in thick timber, much of the time by the river bank, sometimes on the bluff where we could look down fifty or sixty feet, where the water was rushing along swiftly over beds of stone and sand usually called the rapids; then along in cedar swamps close to the water's edge, where the water ran slow and deep and the black mud beneath the water was as deep as the water itself. And to our disadvantage the mud was not all in the river. We jumped across it in narrow strips, crossed it on logs and stepped in it often; but the river boot is made for this, as well as to carry calks. The top came clear to the knee, and at the top is a wide strap buckling around the limb so it cannot slip down. It keeps out mud, sand and small sticks and bark that might otherwise work in at the top of the boot.

We followed a narrow trail just started a few days *before but it was already very plain.* Finally, we

reached a dam across the river, which had been built some years and was much dilapidated.

There were plenty of square timbers in sight below the dam, and which were strewn along the shore for a mile or more, there were not many more above the dam as the whole force had been at work putting the timber past the dam for several days. The foreman stopped where the water ran through the dam, and cut the line of men in two just in front of me saying to those in front, go up and work those timbers down here as quickly as possible. Some of the smaller ones were afloat but the larger ones were all stranded. Turning to the rest of us he said, cut down those hemlock trees and bring the brush here, as he pointed to a hemlock grove composed of trees mostly less than thirty feet high. I could do that as well as any one in the crew, and I felt that I was fortunate in getting a chance to work on the side hill where I could occasionally glance over where the other men were working with the logs. This brush that we drew down to the dam, was used in choking up the throat or gate of the dam where the water was running through. Large quantities of the green boughs and poles being thrown across this place which was not more than fifteen feet wide, the flow of water was checked in part, and it caused it to rise in the pond above the dam, this caused the timber to float and though it checked the current above the dam the men could slowly work the logs to the dam. Every time there were twenty-five or thirty timbers down to the dam, a blow of the ax would so weaken the poles across the gateway that the pressure of the water

would snap them off. Every man knew his business (but me and I was learning) and the timbers were kept in the middle of the slight current above the gate. Several men were on these logs, which numbered from ten to thirty-five. When the poles were cut the bank of bushes and water passed through the gate in the dam with a great roar, the timbers quickly passing down until the water became too shallow for them to float. The same process was repeated again and again. Any one was excusable for taking a look when the flood was turned loose, and the way some of those men could ride a log over and through this dam was, to say the least, astonishing to one not used to it. The logs must not be allowed to pass into the gate, crosswise, nor enough at a time to clog up the passage. Only picked men were allowed to pass through the gate. Nevertheless, I think I was about the only one that was not anxious and even very eager for the fun of going through the gate. The remainder of the timber was all below the dam inside of two days. The foreman was pleased when the last timber passed the gate and gave a few yells in evidence of it.

The men who passed through this place often performed feats of daring that would put many a cow-boy to shame. Once the timber was below the dam, we brush hustlers were told to join the rest of the crew and work on the rear. There is a front and a rear crew and no one was sent to the front at first until he has proven himself on the rear. He must first be able to ride a log in swift water, and be able to swim and carry his *peevy* if he gets thrown in. On the north side hill

where we cut the hemlock brush, there was snow eight or ten inches deep in spots, and when it came to getting into the river, it was all that I was equal to ; but I had decided to follow every example set by the older hands and I did it so promptly and well, that I passed for all right.

Some men had already gone ahead and were rolling in logs which had been stranded in shallow water and were lodged against the bank at every bend which could be easily pushed off from the bank and quickly carried down by the current. I had been working briskly, consequently was very warm, and as I jumped into the ice cold water which came above my knees it gave me a terrible shock, I expected it, and landed right in with both feet at once, so I could not flinch, knowing that I would be watched. As my feet struck the bottom it seemed as though my very heart was frozen and for an instant my jaws were set, but the force with which I was moving when I left the bank was still carrying me forward, and I must keep stepping or fall over, so I kept stepping. It was only a few rods to the nearest timber and I made for it. Just then I caught distinctly four words that came from the foreman, who was feeling very much pleased and spoke in a loud tone, which was quite necessary on account of the roaring of the water, for it was all rapids below the dam. Following some other remarks, he said, "he goes right in," in tones that expressed both surprise and pleasure.

I paired off with a fellow from Canada, and all I had to do was just what he did. If he stepped on the shore

side of a log and caught a lifting hold with his hook, I did the same, and if he took the deep water side and caught the top corner of the log with his hook I did the same, then we both threw our weight on the peevies, and over it came with a chuck one quarter way. All the logs being square, if we turned one at all, it was one quarter way over. Starting the logs afloat was simple enough, any one that had worked in a logging camp could do that as well as the best log rider. I did not step on a log while the foreman was there, but he only stayed a short time then went to the front.

As soon as I looked at the timbers in the water the first morning I noticed that contrary to my expectations they all floated with one corner up, making a peak at the top like the ridge of a house roof for the log rider to stand on. I had expected to see them float with one side up, thus making a good place to stand, and thought they would be easier to ride than round logs, when exactly the opposite was true of them, for the round logs give good footing just the same everywhere. The square causes the foot to set in a straining position and this is tiresome, and when they roll the rider must step high for the corner, and lower for the side. Every time a corner comes over it seems to be trying to tip one up. As soon as the foreman went to the front I began to make use of every good opportunity to ride, remarking that I must get used to these square things, as they were so different from the round ones to work with. I knew from the moment that we rolled in a crooked log that they would not *burl*, that is to roll in the water. Some of them had

quite a curve to them and I rode those every time it came handy.

This work caused all the men to be careless, for we were in the water most all the time and every one was wet and jumping on and off the logs, so they did not seem to notice me in particular, and I improved every opportunity to practice log riding.

SECTION IX.

One past experience now served me well. In my trapping experiences a few years back, I had learned to handle a canoe to quite a degree of perfection, and the riding of a log and a canoe is very much alike, a canoe is only a log hollowed out and it will roll over wonderfully easy; this gave me the knack of balance, and I now realized the value of it. In less than a week I did not care whether the foreman was about or not; I mounted a log if necessary, with confidence. It was not at all uncommon for the older men to get in all over, and this always brought forth a hoot and hilarious laughter.

When we had been working about ten days I was fully adopted into the confidence of all the men on the rear. The men on the front were seldom seen except in the evening and at lunch time. We always had four meals a day, two were brought to us, and two were taken at the camp. We ate at daylight, at ten, at two and after dark.

I had not been on the drive over two weeks when,

one day, the foreman told me to come below, he took a log and started down on one side of the river, I followed but was on the opposite side from him and far enough back so that while I faced down naturally, I had him in view all the time, but for him to see me he must turn his head enough so that it was quite noticeable to me. I knew that he meant to make a job of it and find out whether I was all right or not. Once I thought it was all wrong for me, and I was prepared for a swim. On my side of the river it was too deep to reach bottom with my peevy, and so I could not control the course of the log to any great extent, and extending out from the bank just below me a few rods, was a cedar tree which ran out over the water about fifteen feet, and the current was carrying my log pretty near the middle of the projecting part of the tree which was just too low for me to pass under, and too high to step over. The log on which I rode was not a very long one and perfectly straight and had not touched the earth or anything else for a long distance, and had gained a rate of speed nearly equal to that of the water itself. I could easily spring into the cedar and go ashore, but that would brand me a land lubber, and I would much rather have him see me swim ashore than leave the log without an effort to clear the tree. I had to keep my peevy in one hand, and the hook in place so it would not catch in the cedar limbs, but I sprang from the timber without setting it rolling, so that I might be able to get my feet on it again right, for the calks would stick long enough for me to get my *balance*, even if I did set it to rolling when I struck

it again; I crossed the cedar, gained control of the log and kept it going, just the same as if I had been on the drive for years. At this the foreman showed me the favor of a smile, and it was the only one I ever saw him bestow on me.

When we cleared a certain bend I saw the remains of a rollway; it had been a single rollway, and about one hundred feet long; and most of the logs had been rolled into the river and the remaining ones were mostly way back up the bluff, and a few were frozen in a sheet of ice that extended over most of the ground where the timber had lain. I will never forget that banking ground; I was told to lend a hand there, for the men were prying off the top timbers and trying to start them down over the icy ground straight with the river, so they would float right down stream out of the way. The great trouble in handling the timbers, was, they would get to going endwise to the water, and must be straightened in the mud at the waters edge. The bank was quite steep and they went down it with a boom, boom that could be heard for miles as they went over the icy banks which, until now, had been shielded from the sun by the great bank of timbers, though the snow and frost were entirely gone everywhere else. Once when about to let one go from the top, one end shot ahead and fell down, the sharp corner cut a niche for itself and stopped there with the other end upon the top of three or four others; it was desirable to not let the lower end roll any, but to slide the top end so it could drop down and slide ahead as far as the front end now was, then let go.

Another man and I stood at the side of the rollway where the front end of the inclined timber was, we obeyed the order to hold it; that meant to catch it with our hooks so that we had a back roll hold, as though we were going to roll it up hill; but really only to keep it where it was. Men at the other end pried it around until it began to fall. In coming down the corner at the back side, it caught a little on one of the lower timbers, which made it roll so quickly that I could not let go of my peevy handle, and I went up and over just as the handle went, only I went on a larger circle and struck in front of the timbers, some of the other timbers were loosened, but for some reason stopped.

Some or all of the credit was due to the men that flew at the timbers with their hooks and pikes; but they could not have stopped the timbers here on the ice had they got a favorable start. Probably the corner of the front timber cut into the surface a little, thus partly checking the force, and the men were then able to master them, no doubt, every one of them had been in even closer corners than that many times. Fortunately I came out of it unhurt. I was then sent to work on the front.

When large numbers of logs are put afloat they lodge in the bends of the stream and fill in clear across unless pushed off, sometimes filling the river for half a mile, but usually only a few rods, this is called a jam, and square timbers are the worst kind of logs to jam, as they lie cornerwise at first and then they begin to tighten up, and as a greater weight is pressed against *them they begin to turn square with each other and*

wedge tighter and tighter. If a jam is caused by one very long stick getting crosswise of the stream, others swing sidewise to it and the current running under this sometimes lodges other timbers under and thus dams up the stream, making the water rise and overflow the land, causing a great many logs to float close to the front and out at the sides much farther than common. When the jam is broken many of these are left by the subsiding water way back from the stream, and sometimes behind trees or stumps, they then have to be picked up bodily and carried back into the water. This makes the work of jam breaking a very important part of the drive. If it can be broken before the water rises behind, there is much time and labor saved. This is more exciting than rollway work on account of the haste necessary. The men on the front endeavor to prevent a jam forming, and should a man see that his task is too much for him and a jam is beginning to form which he despairs of handling alone, he raises a yell. I will explain one that I distinctly remember and it will answer for the description of many. When I came in sight of it there was an uneven floor of timbers over quite a body of water, the cause was some great snags in one side of the river; everything was centered there, but reached both banks, and the logs were coming down from above at a rapid rate. The water was also rising and every additional log helped to wedge the timber closer together and they were continually squeaking and groaning as if in pain. Water was pouring over as well as under and spurting up through cracks *between the front logs coming down on the*

men who were trying with axes and peevies to liberate the key logs. They did everything that could be done, only to see the pond getting wider and making more work. Someone said we will have to cut the end off from that timber or we shall never be able to break this jam. It was an unprecedented remedy, but the only one, as one end of a very long, valuable timber was against a tree, and the other end was fast in the hollow side of a great log under water, and to make it worse, the foreman was not there yet. Things were shaping worse continually and we could waste no more time, so one man took an ax and started to cut the timber in two; he had just made a good start when the foreman came tearing through the brush; he was mad to say the least, and at once stopped the chopping, then he just charged and jumped around. The noise of the hissing water had become so great that we could not hear a word any one said unless our faces were right up to each other. When he had taken in the whole situation and wasted at least three or four minutes, he seized the ax and chopped the timber part off himself. None of us dared to move, for we had to watch the foreman to see where he would point, that being the only way he could give orders. When the timber was getting weak from being chopped, we all made ready for the work of running out the center of the jam, which must be kept moving, so the channel would be cleared first and be kept open. When the obstructing timber swung around straight in the current there was a forward surge of everything under foot, and all the hissing and spurting of water stopped

and another noise took its place. It was the rumble of the timbers as they loosened and tried to turn down cornerwise, continually thumping against each other. All the loose logs shot forward close by the one that had barred their passage, and some one must go with them. Every man was prying or pushing with all his strength to separate the logs and not have them go in large enough bunches to form another jam at the next bend, for this was likely to occur if too many went together. I was carried down stream on the front logs, and as I went I tried to separate them somewhat by pushing some ahead of others. Finally I came quite close to a short bend where there was sure to be a jam unless some one stood there and kept the timbers off. I needed to keep as far to the front of my lot of logs as I could and make a landing before any of them struck the bank. I jumped from one to another until I stood on the front one, when this was almost to the shore I ran about half the length of it and sprang off to what I thought was the shore; but instead, it was a great coat of leaves over the water. The river was quite deep and I left my hat floating as I went down. When I came up the current had carried me down stream several feet and the log just the same distance. When I came up I was faced up stream and when I could see at all there was the end of that log right close to my face. A quarter of a minute more and it would have pushed me right into the bank. I seized it with both hands and tried to shove it aside, which I could not do, but the effort moved my body aside so that the log missed me as it burrowed into the bank a little way.

I climbed on to it and stepped ashore, and kept the river clear, thus having a good time while others farther up the river were drawing and carrying timbers like oxen to get them afloat again. These same things we did day after day, week after week, and if one man was in luck another was out.

Finally the weather became very warm and the sun shining on our boots had a scalding effect on our feet, causing drops of pink sweat to ooze out of them during the evening and night, which caused them to be very sore, and we had to hang our boots in the water in the morning before we put them on, to soften them up so they would not pinch our feet as we pulled them on.

One day, about the last of June, the foreman said this drive will hang up for the present. He had orders to leave it and go to another drive and get that out to Grand Traverse Bay. We went to Traverse City and drew our pay. The wages being two dollars a day for river men. The foreman told the paymaster that I was a learner, and he should give me first season's pay, which was but one dollar and twenty-five cents a day. So it did not pay me to lie to the foreman, if I could fool the other men. I think if I had said, I want to learn and will work for what I am worth I should have drawn more pay.

SECTION X.

About the last of June, eighteen eighty-three, I went to see my brother, who was then living at Crooked Lake, about fifteen miles from Cadillac, and two miles east of the camp where we first worked together for Mr. Lillie. There was at this time, two saw mills there, one belonging to Mitchell brothers, the other to Dewing and Sons.

My brother was working for the latter. He liked to work in a mill, but I preferred the logging camps. While there, I also met our old friend Bill Harrington, who was engaged as watchman at the camp buildings of D. A. Blodget, which were located only about a mile from there, and were idle during the fore part of the summer. There was danger of fire getting started in the brush, scattered over the ground, where timber was cut the winter before. Bill was employed at watching the camp and washing the blankets used in the bunks. He had a snap and could catch up his rifle any time toward night and take a little exercise across the runways with which he was familiar. On the evening that I saw him first at the village he was at the meat market trying to sell one of his targets, but as the people had decided to protect the game of the state and there was a fine placed on the killing of many animals, such bargains were rejected by this dealer. Bill said to me, "I've left my knife and must go and get it," asking me to walk out there with him to get it. There was yet half an hour before dark, and we started right away. We walked along the tote

road where supplies were hauled to several camps. He said, "You had better come over to the camp and ask for a job of sawing; they are going to start up now in a short time, and I am going to do the filing." I said that it was skidding work that I wanted, and he said "All right, they are having the oxen brought in from the grazing farm, and they will be in good shape for business, and I will recommend you as all right at skidding." We had not gone over one-half mile when Bill turned from the road into the woods. The trees were Norway pine, but the bushes were white oak. We had walked only about twenty rods among these when he stooped down and picked up his knife. A swarm of flies were buzzing around the edge of a clump of bushes. Bill stepped over there, and with his foot threw out the head of a three-year-old buck. The horns being in the velvet. We walked back to the road and Bill, being now close to his camp, proceeded on his way with my promise to come and ask for a job, which I did some days later.

This was twenty-three years back in the past, and Bill was getting close to fifty years of age at that time, and no doubt that mis-educated picture of Abe Lincoln has ceased to lean over the saw with his eight-inch file, or listen at a runaway for the kchip kchip of a deer's feet as he gallops along, and the deputy fish and game warden cannot find him, so I do him no harm in making known this secret of his woods life.

The Fourth of July was a day never to be forgotten. Just the same as any other Fourth of July in the *lumber woods* when the saloons are allowed to remain

open. The mills and camps close down and all hands go to town. They are quite apt to draw all their pay and use all they draw. The village of Crooked Lake was small but hustling, and the two hundred men working there, and in the camps that belonged to the companies that owned the mills, could easily invest their wages at a couple of places in town. There was no holiday closing law to curtail business, or interfere with the noise one ought to make when he is happy. If you ever decide to follow camp life, begin at this date, go on the evening of the third to the town nearest to the camp where you are going to start work. In the first place, go to the hotel where all the boys put up, and ask for a cheap bed, no matter how much money you have, for you want to stand in with the fellows. This is the way to get acquainted with them. Pay your bill for over the Fourth, that is two nights and one day, as you will have no money by the morning of the fifth. Soon after supper you will see some of the men coming in and doing just what you did; that will be some evidence that you are one of them. The younger ones will be dressed most as well as yourself. When they have registered and say, one to another, "where first?" for they will come in two or more, at a time. You look at the book; if following their names it reads from the camp where you are going, follow them up and say, "I see by the book that you are from where I am going to work after the fourth." They will be interested and ask you to come along and have a drink, and you must go. I advise you to show *your money* by some means, before you get to

a saloon, as they will not fail to need more than they have and will be apt to let you know that they are short this evening. Tell them that you are all right, board paid and a bunch left. That shows that you are green and they, in all probability will want to borrow. Lend them what they ask for, and if they do not need it all you had better stop and say you have got to go back to the hotel to see some one else. Work the same game until you have gotten rid of all your money. It's the best way for you to start in. Once rid of your money so that you can say that you are broke then you are ready to go and see the town. You will notice that the middle-aged and older men from the camp do not dress well. The ones that act pleasant at all will be right anxious to show you around. They will soon stop at a bar and look at you. You say, "I am dead broke," they will want to go and see another fellow. If you cannot see anything interesting ask some fellow that is drinking to show you one of the back streets where a little noise won't be noticed. Some one will accommodate you this much, but will expect to be treated for it, and will approach the bar. You had better tell him that you had so much at supper time, and now you are busted. He will quite likely say "You are the stuff," and shake your hand, and if he has ten cents will ask you to have a glass of beer. You better say "I cannot treat, and I won't drink after my money is gone." He will insist that you shall drink, but you had better say, "I meant it, and I'll be shot before I'll take it," then stay by *your word and stay at this place until midnight. Say*

as little as possible, but keep awake, as you cannot dodge a flying beer glass when you are asleep. No one will throw one at you, but the fellows that are around the bar may dodge what was meant for them and you will be liable to get it unless you are on the look-out. There will be some scientific moves among the company in all probability that will help keep you awake, but don't be scared when two men fight, for it is a rare thing for one man to kill another, but if you see three men attack one, go and call the village marshal, for it is not a real fight; they only want, under the guise of just a scrap, to rob him, and they have picked a greeny that did not know enough to give his money away, and save his head. If you do not see this or anything else worth losing sleep for, go to your room a little early, say, eleven-thirty, and make a guess whether tomorrow will be a lively day or not. As you tell the clerk you are ready to go to your room, he will say, "Well, have you been having a good time, and have you anything to leave in the safe? We are only responsible for valuables that are locked in the safe." You will be led to a large room on the top floor. There are about eight passable looking beds, each with two pillows. They are all paid for, according to the number of pillows. Likely as not you are the first one in, and get some sleep before anyone else is brought in, and quite likely that is about all you will get, if you are at all nervous. But morning will come, bringing with it the most quiet hours that this room has had since one o'clock. Rise to a sitting position and look at the other fellow in your bed. If he

is asleep and the rest seem to be, get out of bed, but do not put on your clothes. Be careful what you step on. Probably you heard something crash around the room during the night. It was bottles, and the pieces will cut your feet, but go any way, the picture is worth the effort. Walk from one bed to another, taking a look at every face that is not covered with bandages, but be sure you remember the name of one of the fellows that you lent your money to. As you go, if any one is covered up, pull down the cover, not stealthily, but just respectful and business-like. If any one should awake—which is very unlikely, just say you did not know who it was, and do not hesitate to say you want to see Tom or Joe, or whoever it was you let have the money, for indeed you will want him right now. Unless this acquaintance knows him to be in the room, he may think you are lying and want to rob some one. In a case like that, you are liable to get hurt, but there are several in the room probably that have been hurt more than you, and you will take better in camp with a black eye than without it. But if you make the round all right, and I feel sure you can, then return to bed, and as it is so early, lie down and think about it, how this one and that one feels, and who deserved what they got, and what they will look like by the morning of the fifth, and by the time you get these things all nicely estimated, some one will wake up and want to get a bottle that he cannot find. Trust him to destroy the slumbers of some one else, and that one will be mad. If you are on the back side of the bed you can lie still and take in the show. This

is starting the celebration, you know, as this is the morning of the fourth. When there is a return to quiet, or something approaching it, sit up and take another look. Pull on your clothes and go out for a walk before breakfast and walk fast, go by the door of every saloon that you know of, and as you come close to them look carefully at the sidewalk, and see whether any one bled in any of their efforts to inaugurate the "glorious fourth." See what they ate for supper and spewed on the walks to be seen and walked over, around and through by decent people. By the time that you make the rounds and get back to the hotel you will not care to eat breakfast. You have paid for it, to be sure, but so have the rest of the boys. Get a paper from the desk, take a chair and watch, see how many from your room eat breakfast. By noon you will be so hungry that you can eat the two meals at one sitting. It is better gotten up than the breakfast was, and you have won a point. Now it will be hot in the afternoon, and you had better take a place in the shade near the jail, anywhere near enough so you can recognize the men that owe you money. See just what per cent of the men taken there are those you think came from camp, then ask the marshal for his figures on the question. Then if you want another night upstairs and a life in camp with such a gang, with a very small sprinkling of others, I am not able to help you farther. Had any one given me this much of a pointer, I do not think I would have lived where I did for a few years. I was possessed with some good sense, but fell under wrong influences. Thus, the holi-

days are all celebrated by most of the single men who spend their lives in the camps of the lumber states, railroad builders, stock ranges of the west, and the various mines, so far as I am qualified to speak, and I have worked in eight timber camps and eight railroad and street grading camps, working close by and mingling with men from more than twice as many others, of the above description. After the regular style they celebrated at Crooked Lake this year.

SECTION XI.

After the fourth a while I went over to see Bill and ask for a job. I met Mr. Clark, the walking boss for Mr. Blodget; he had the oversight of all his lumbering operations, embracing several camps, and the building of a logging railway that was to carry all the logs from two camps to the river. Mr. Clark seemed pleasant, saying, "Yes, we want ox teamsters after a week or so, and I will have Mr. Poin—that was the camp foreman—give you other work until the ox work begins, if you wish." But I decided not to work until he needed me to drive cattle. When they were brought there were five yoke in all. One team was especially fine-looking, entirely white, weighing about forty hundred, with fine large horns. I was told to come on a certain day, and I went the evening before so as to be on hand early. The teamsters in the camp had a shanty by themselves, and this was a good plan, too, *for they have to get up earlier than the other men, and*

this would disturb the others. It is also more pleasant to be in smaller numbers, and much healthier. Our capacity was eighteen bunks, and all were full, as there were more drivers of horse teams than oxen. The ox teams had all been at work two days, and four men had picked their yoke of cattle after trying them all. Bill told me, they had planned to let the old men have their choice, and me take what was left. The punchers—that is what they call ox drivers in the woods—however, were hardly satisfied among themselves. The white team was taken for keeps, and one pair of fine-looking red ones by a man that was pleased with them, thus leaving two pair of four-year-olds that were good-looking and heavy weighing, from thirty to thirty-five hundred each pair. Two were nicely spotted red and white. The other pair of four-year-olds were, one red and white and the other a brindle black color with a sleepy look. I did not want that pair, and I felt sure they would be left for me. The fifth pair stood third team from the door; they were red and six years old, not weighing over twenty-six or eight hundred. When I came in and looked them over in the evening, one of the reds stepped back the length of the rope he was tied with, and looked at me with his head up like a two-year-old colt. I just fell in love with him right then and there, but his mate did not strike me so favorably, for he had vicious looking horns and eyes, but was a fine deep red color. I had no thought of getting them. I had to wait until morning to find out which was mine, as they would *not* tell me. I thought it very strange

that the drivers could not tell me at once which they wanted. This satisfied me that it did not make much difference which pair I got, and I enjoyed their perplexity more than they did their privilege to choose. In the morning there were four pairs yoked, the pair left for me being the wild red ones. I went in between them and they tried to shake with me as I passed their hind feet. I spent plenty of time in an attempt to brush them off a little with the cattle card, and as I did so, there were several men watching with twinkling eyes. I knew that they were very wild and bad with their feet, and without doubt would run away and make lots of trouble in the woods, for they were ready to jump into the manger, stepping constantly like fiery young horses, but they were the right age, were in good flesh and I could not see any scars on them showing that they had never been in any serious accident, and the yoke standing behind them was a good one. I was afraid of only one thing, they might be vicious with their horns when being yoked. An ugly ox can put a man out of business. You have to come to his head with a yoke that is a good load to carry, and it makes you move slowly. One of the men that yoked a pair of the young cattle stood near, and as he seemed like a reasonable acting fellow, I asked him if they were bad with their horns. It was more than evident that they had been fooled by this pair and wanted to see me get a surprise. He said, "No, they do not use their horns, but will kick a little." I could see that they not only would kick, but were *afraid of being* punished for it. I felt better when

assured that they did not use their horns, but I would not stop currying them until the rest of the fellows were mostly out of sight. I then shortened up the rope on the off ox, and put the yoke on him. I untied the other from the manger pole and backed him up holding to the rope. When I lifted his end of the yoke with the other hand and told him to come under, he came up with a slam against the other ox and the manger, and I had a time to get him over toward me far enough so that I could put the bow in. But they were finally in the yoke and I went to breakfast. Just before the turn-out cry was given, we were sauntering out to the stable, and to my surprise the walking boss was out and came direct to me, asking which team I was going to drive. I told him that I was going to try the wild red pair as they were not yoked by anyone else. He said, "Oh, well! you won't have any trouble with him; they are just fresh from the pasture; you bring them out last so that the other teams will not be crowding around the watering trough, and you won't have any trouble." But I saw that he was much interested. It is an unusual thing for the walker to take any interest in a yoke of cattle, as only the foreman has anything to say about such things. I was not afraid that I could not get control of them, but I was sure that they would put the laugh on me for a few days. When I dropped the rope off of the off ox, I stood at his side, for the door was in that direction, and I expected the show to begin when they were loose from the manger, and was not disappointed. He was the worst one, and he made two

or three springs that carried him around the other ox and turned him around, facing them toward the door, which brought the nigh one to my right arm. They were snorting wild, indeed. I stepped right in front of them and stopped them, keeping up a steady game of low words and slow motions, looking them right in the face. After keeping them there about a minute, we walked out to the watering trough. They were thirsty from eating timothy hay and drank long. The foreman came along—a Frenchman by the name of Maxim Poin, he spoke broken English—and said, “You drive rhed auksin, eh! You go and build skidways; this man will show you the way”; then he turned and left me with the swamper. I asked him if there was a chain out there, and he said all the tools were where they quit the night before. I kept my hand, or else the end of my whip-stalk on the neck of the nigh ox all the time after they began drinking until we were at the skidway opening. Three other ox-teams were going to work close by, but all were idle, each driver having four swampers, and all were looking my way, but I tried to appear not to notice it. The chain was on the end of one of the longest skids that I had ever seen. The timber was all Norway pine, very tall and smooth, furnishing some of the choicest timbers for skids. I did not let the cattle stop until they stood by the chain, then picking up the chain I just run a few links through the grab ring of the yoke and dropped it in the slot and stepped away, trying to assume an unconcerned manner. Most of *the way out from camp* the off ox had insisted on

keeping his head far enough ahead of his mate so that he could see me with his left eye all the time, acting as though he was ready for war, either offensive or defensive, and he did not care which. Once they were fast to the skid, which had been drawn part way from its stump to the opening which was partly prepared for the skidway, I felt much better than while on the way from camp. Bill Carson was the driver of the spotted pair of four-year-olds, and he was at the next skidway. I left my crew, not yet really knowing which were my men, except the one that led the way from camp. It was just showing respect to go and ask Carson how high the skids had to be for this car line, and get up a talk that baffled the bunch of men who thought they would wait and see me start the team. They had to go to their several places and get busy before the foreman would come along. I kept an eye on my team, half expecting to see some one pitch a chunk at them, just for fun. When the crowd was mostly gone, I went back and said, "Whoever is my crew, tackle this knoll and finish that tree." The trees had to be cut level with the earth, and it was a hard task to make room for the unusually long skidways required by the foreman, but he gave four men to chop trees, and grub and shovel off the knolls, and saw up the useful trees so we could draw them out of the opening. When they went to work, which they did with a prompt but disappointed air, I went and looked around to my heart's content. The extremely long skid to which the team was chained, lay so that it was bound between standing trees, but the

leaves were scraped away on one side at the large end of it, showing that the team had been pulling sideways the day before. The ground being yellow sand, was torn up, and there was ox hair on knots and logs. I could read the signs and it gave me a pointer.

In sawing logs I had seen lots of good skidders doing fine service with light teams, and had seen men get mad and abuse good teams, and make them wild, and right here I saw the interpretation of the puzzle that the ox-teamsters were in the evening before. A good team, ox, mule or horse, hates to pull their best and then have their load pull them back when they give up trying to fetch it. I let the cattle stand about half an hour and started in by drawing some short logs, leaving the chain very long; at first they would kick every time the chain was stirred, but they were living on the experience of yesterday about all day. Only when it was almost night did one of my swampers say "They had that team out here yesterday and could do nothing with it at all." In a few days they were by far the best team of the three by a great difference. It was very seldom that I spoke to them as loudly as to the swampers, for they obeyed in a way that pleased me well. About the third or fourth day that I drove them, some time during the day, there was a great tearing in the bushes, and the click, click of the ring in the yoke told that a pair of oxen was running away. I quickly fastened mine—or they would have joined in the race. I cannot say that I did not laugh when those cattle went tearing along in a circle clear around *our scope of vision*. There were some significant

glances passed around among my swampers, and the next gang which was close by. I did not dare to laugh much, for my team was often at the point of leaving me, and liable to go any time, but I was pleased at the turn that was taking place in our affairs.

For more than a month I never unhitched from a heavy log as soon as it was where it was to be left, for the cattle were so excited that they would have left me in an instant, so I allowed them to stand a few minutes and quiet down, but their lively movements always made my tally as good, or better, than the others, after we started to skid logs, which was inside of a month from the time we began to build skidways.

I could hardly see the foreman at all except in camp in the morning. I think, however, that he sometimes saw the team and myself when I did not know it. He seemed to have named me that first morning by the watering trough. When there was some little chore like pulling a big log or stump out of the way of the grading gang who were preparing the road-bed for the logging train, he would come into our shanty,—which stood five or six rods from the main sleeping shanty,—and in his quick half-comic way would say, “You rhedauksin, where are you?” I always stood up as promptly or more so, than if he had called my correct name, and received my orders. The speed with which I could catch up a few tools and follow down the grade of the logging road to the construction gang, then back to my skidding made my team the choice for such jobs. One time there was a very large white

pine stump in the way of the grading crew that had taken several men that many days to cut it loose. It was so large that it took about fourteen feet of chain to go around it at the top and the lower part was twice that large where the roots had been cut off to loosen it. At the first pull it did not come, and the next time the chain broke, then I had to hurry, for the cattle were snorting mad. I had goaded them a little, not thinking of them getting loose from the stump, which went back into the hole, nearly crushing some Swedish men who had been told by the boss to lift and pry in concert with the oxen. The cattle had to ride down some small saplings to get away into the woods, but I was lucky and whipped around in front of them and seized the nigh one by the horn, speaking just the same as I would to a frightened child, and he gave it up. Tom, as I called the off one, still trying to take Bill along, and running around in a circle with him and myself in the center. I always cultivated the confidence of Bill, and now I had gotten my pay, for he alone could keep Tom for me. Right there I got a lesson that I thereafter used, so when it seemed necessary to urge them to greater effort I would reach over Bill and punch Tom, and there would be something doing right away, but I still had quite a string on Bill, so to speak, for he would heed me when told to stop. Another effort brought out the stump, and Rhedauksin was cheered by the Swedes.

There was a tract of white pine being cut, down toward the river, about a mile from camp. The logs *were much* larger than the Norway pine, and I was a

little surprised when "Rhedaüksin" was detailed to go there and skid them, but I had my own way about it, and took what time I needed to get them on the skids, which I did by all the tricks that I had ever seen practiced. Sometimes rolling them most of the way and thus saving the strength of the little team, which looked small by the side of the others, especially the white ones, but they were the best team, to my notion, and I enjoyed driving them.

The usual routine of camp incidents took place. Before snow came the logging train was running to the river. The brakeman was Jack McGuire, a fine-looking man about thirty years old, married and living in an old house about a mile from camp. One evening some of the men took a hound that was harbored about the camp, and went out to see if they could find a coon. Nothing seemed to have made a move that evening along the river, and all hands and the dog started for camp, getting as far as where McGuire and his family were sleeping, when there was a lone skunk picking up the crumbs about the door-yard, and the dog dispatched him right there. There was an unfortunate distribution of perfume, both for some of the hunters and the McGuire family. It was never settled as to whom the joke was on. Jack said he thought that any one was mean to come and kill his cat, the only pet he had.

One other fellow had a joke sprung on him that was meant to be serious, but resulted in much laughter. One Saturday evening a number of men, as was the custom, went to the Crooked Lake saloon. On the

way back there was trouble, as usual. Two men were having it out in a way that exceeded the common practice, when this man, a well able fellow, thought it time to interfere to prevent murder. The combatants were both down, and as their friend came up to part them one said to him, "Keep back or I will cut your heart out," but he saw that some one was going to be hurt pretty seriously, and took his chance. In the scuffle that followed, the man that threatened him thrust back at him with a knife, the point catching him just at the hip pocket, running down and making a slit seven or eight inches long in his clothes, not hurting him much. His overalls were brown denim. On Sunday he sewed it up with white wrapping twine, which, unfortunately for him, attracted much attention, to what the men termed the location of his heart.

I will give one more incident that happened in this camp which tends to show the carelessness of the young, and the nervousness of the old who follow a camp laborer's life. There were two common Canadian men in the camp—I think they were sawyers—and their name was Gunn. Along about the time that the snow was getting deep a brother of theirs came from Canada. He was younger than they, perhaps twenty-one, and had a peculiar looking face, quite different from his brothers. His nose was exceedingly prominent and with his sharp, protruding bullet-like eyes he was very noticeable. At once the men named him "Repeater." One evening when I was over to their shanty sitting on the bench,—as we all *went back and forth* evenings to see what was going

on,—Repeater was lying in one of the top bunks reading by the light of a lantern. There were boxes of sawdust standing around for the men to spit in, and once in a while he would turn his face from his novel, or whatever he was heading, and aim at the nearest box, thus proving his right to his title, Repeater. But the heroine in the novel or something else, distracted his attention from correct aim, and he missed the box one time, but hit what, if it had been well trained when young, might have been a man, and possibly a gentleman. It was about fifty years old with emaciated face and hard-looking clothes, and a flow of language only equaled by his rage. He seized an ax that was close at hand and started for the man in the bunk. Repeater was scared, but also desperate, and he reached up to where hung his old-fashioned double-barreled shotgun. When the old fellow was up far enough for us below to think of pulling him back down, Repeater stuck the muzzle of his shotgun down, and was ready to pull the trigger. We thought it was better to let them alone than to face the charge of shot, so stood back. When the old man—if I must so misuse the term on him—saw the muzzle of the gun right close to his head, he let go and dropped down. Somewhat scared, but not discouraged, he charged back and forth across the room along the line of bunks. He wanted to get up somewhere, and follow around to where Gunn was. Some yelled one thing at him, and some another. He knew that if the shotgun was loaded he could not get close enough to use his ax. I think he would have been willing to have been shot

if he could have delivered one blow with the ax. He swung it about and wanted to throw it, but he had to consider the crowd at his back, where the two other Gunn boys were anxious to clinch with him, but were afraid of the ax. The yelling raised the men over at the office, and they came running over and entered at the end of the room that had been cleared by the ax. Mr. Clark told him to put it down. That drew his attention, and it was soon taken from him, and he received his time check and left the next day for Cadillac. I do not remember that Repeater was criticised for his poor aim.

I never enjoyed camp life like some of those who follow it, but I did like my spry red cattle, and they came to have confidence in me, and would obey so readily that it brought me not only the name of Rhed-auksin, but also that of a good skidder, and when I left the camp Mr. Clark urged me to come back again and drive the wild team.

SECTION XII.

One summer about the first of June, I decided to go to the Hannah and Lay saw mill, at Long Lake and ask for a job there. I came to the mill about five o'clock p. m. I had never liked mill work, and did not want to go inside to work, but I would work on the boom or at piling lumber, if there was an opening for me.

I walked around to the water side of the mill; there I

saw one of the men that had been in the Platte river crew when I first joined it. We had a friendly chat. Among other things, he said, "You be on hand and you can have this job in a few days, for I am going to quit pretty soon." That was pleasing to me, and I went to see the overseer whose name was James Harvey. This man was a gentleman, and the only one I had found in my experience in the lumber woods. He questioned me a little about where I had been at work, and then said he would give me work hauling out edgings while my friend remained at the boom, and that job when he left it, but he also very kindly advised me to rest for a day or two and take care of myself, of which there was great need indeed. I rested a few days, and then started to work. I bunked with my river chum, and became quite well acquainted with him. He was of a pleasant disposition usually and seemingly proof against excitement. I thought him a capital chum, especially after he came to my relief one night in an alley at Traverse City, where I was in the uncomfortable embrace of a large sailor, who was bound to put his hand in my pocket. He was a large powerful man and had a firm grip on my neck before I knew there was any trouble coming, and I soon needed help, but my friend soon set me free. After that he could borrow money of me as long as I had any, his desire on that line being limited only by the size of my purse, and he never returned a dollar, nor ever intended to. Still he left the job at the mill for me after about two weeks. He had been a good man on the boom, and a good fellow with the men.

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I had no fears of any trouble with the boom work. All I had done in these two weeks was to handle narrow strips that were trimmed off from the sides of the thin boards. This had rested me out somewhat. I took the peevy and a long pole with a pike iron and hook at one end, properly called a pike pole; with these I brought the logs which were inside the boom-sticks, to the place where they were to start up, a smooth chute into the mill. The saws were all on the second floor, and the chute was built of very thick maple planks, extending down into the water about ten feet, and up just to a perfect level with the second floor. This chute was about six feet wide and forty-five long, while up the middle ran a very large endless chain, always running up, when the man in charge at the upper end threw on the power, which he seldom did without looking down to see whether there were any logs fastened on for him. They were fastened to the large chain by short chains about six feet long, which had a hook on one end that was made especially for catching into the links of the large endless chain, the other end having an iron dog that was driven by the aid of a sledge into the side of each log, close to the end. On each side of this chute was pinned a square timber perhaps eight inches high to keep the logs from rolling off when they were going up or down, for they did sometimes accidentally come down. When the logs reached the top of the chute they continued to run up at the same angle until more than half of the weight was above a level with the floor; then they *broke over and slid along the floor the rest of the way.*

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At the point where the log ran higher than the floor it caused the short chain to draw different than when either on the chute or the floor, and that sometimes loosened the dog and sometimes the log fell on the floor, and at other times it started back down the chute. At first I hardly knew what to do with myself when one started down. At one side of the chute there was a line of hewed boomsticks run straight out into the lake; these were pinned together instead of being chained the usual way, and this made a good solid footing for working on in drawing or pushing logs up toward the mouth of the chute, where they lay while being dogged. Usually as soon as I had one set of logs ready to go up, I brought several more close up to them, so as to be prepared to dog another load at once, nearly always sending more than one at a time. When a log came back down the chute, by the time it reached the water it would be coming with great speed, and it would fill the air with water for a long distance out on the boom. When I first saw one coming down, I made a race out on the boom timbers, and caught a good soaking, but was out there ready to bring in the logs which were scattered by the unruly one. I however, soon learned the point on the boomstick where I had best run ashore from, and if I was farther out on the lake than there, I ran out when a log started for a dive.

I had only worked at this job about two weeks when Mr. Harvey told me that my wages were raised from eighty-five cents to one dollar a day and board. There was a man among the crew of lumber pilers who was

very quiet usually, but if he did say anything, was quite apt to precede it with a long-drawn w-a-l for well, who had been out west once, and thought of going again. He liked railroad work, and said he could get me a job without trouble. I slowly came to the conclusion to go west. I liked my work and stood in well with the men, and really had no reasonable excuse for leaving it, but I had become restless, so I told Mr. Harvey that I would quit work on a certain night. He was very much disappointed and advised me to stay. Many times since I have heartily wished I had, but I was far from doing things right, or even trying to.

When that evening came I rode on the last load of logs I sent up into the mill; there were three of them, and as they started I seized my pikepole and peevy, and rode up into the mill on the largest one. The men were astonished when my head and shoulders came into sight. When the logs broke over on the floor, they rolled and bumped a little, but I expected that, for I had been watching them do that for weeks, and was on my guard and ready for it. The men cheered me a little, but it was not a very remarkable feat, for if the log had broken from the dog I could have easily dropped down on the chute and my river calks would have caught on the maple planks and held me if I could have kept my balance, and being much of my time on the tetering, turning logs, I was very good at balancing my body, though neglectful of my mind, and extensive effort at keeping it well *balanced*. I was nineteen years of age, and hardly fit

for the sixth grade in school, and only learning the miserable things of life in camp. Say, friend! What are you doing on this line? What are you going to know at the age of nineteen? It is only a desire to aid you that makes me recite this experience of mine. I want you to pursue a better course.

Freem and I took the train for the west at Traverse City via Grand Rapids and Chicago. As ever, there were plenty of novels on the cars, and I purchased them. They helped to pass the time away, and it has not returned yet.

SECTION XIII.

We passed through Martin, only a short distance from my old home, and in about twenty-four hours were in Chicago. We spent two days there, and saw many interesting sights. We stood a long time by the river that flows into Lake Michigan, and watched the great boats go in and out with their loads of merchandise and passengers as they went up the river to the docks.

At every street which crosses the river there is a great swing bridge about one hundred feet long hung and balanced on a great abutment in the middle of the river, where there is machinery and two men to turn the bridge straight up and down the river, when a boat wants to go either way.

Sometimes a boat was going both ways at the same time. When a boat comes near to a bridge the pilot

blows the whistle; the men in charge of the bridge ring a large bell—just like a farmer's dinner bell—and no one is expected to come on the bridge after it begins to ring. They then start the machinery and the bridge begins to swing. The boat heads for the end of the bridge that swings away from it, and by the time it gets where the bridge was, it is pointing up and down in the middle of the river, and is soon returned to its place with each end resting on a prepared ledge, and this movable piece of the street is again ready for use by the public.

One time the tug, that was towing in a great schooner, blew its whistle at the usual distance from the bridge, but just at this time a funeral procession of great length was crossing the bridge, and it ignored the ringing of the bell and kept driving on. The bridgemen got excited and shouted and clanged the bell, but could not move the bridge. The tug puffed right through under the bridge, and a great cloud of suffocating smoke came up and enveloped the people on that end of the bridge. When the schooner came up a spar projecting about twenty feet in front of the vessel struck the side railing of the bridge and ran through several feet, thereby moving the ponderous bridge two or three feet and frightening the people terribly. There was no lack of policemen, but the enormous structure of steel which constituted the bridge alone was able to arrest the great schooner, which had three masts of great height and carried enough lumber to build a small village. A little later

the tug had a hard task to pull the schooner loose and tow it to its dock.

At another swing bridge we stopped awhile, and were treated to another free show. All at once there appeared several policemen driving every vehicle and even the pedestrians off from the street, and by the time the street was cleared we heard a gong sounding. It was coming our way and rapidly drew near. Soon a procession came in sight, the gong being on a fire engine, drawn by a pair of large gaunt horses, and I never until then had seen heavy horses run like they did. It was a little down grade, and it took but little strength, if any, to draw the engine. All the horses had to do was to run, and they were doing it well indeed. They passed us with their mouths open and a fierce expression on their faces, but they were not confused, there was no bounding up and down, they stayed close to the ground, and stretched out over all they could of it at every spring. Another man sat beside the driver and beat the gong. This engine was followed by others, and hose wagons, and by the time they were past us, we could see the smoke pouring out of the top of a large factory only a little way from the other bank of the river. We saw it burn down, they being only able to save the buildings around it.

We pronounced Chicago not only a big town, but a busy one.

We hired to a railroad company and were passed over the C., M. & St. P. line to its termination in Dakota. We passed through many beautiful cities and much interesting scenery, crossing into Iowa at

McGregor, where I first saw the great Mississippi river. Finally we arrived at our destination, and I was introduced to grading camp life, and some of the western ways.

For several months following I worked and traveled on the railroads of Dakota territory, that being before the Dakota states were formed, and when the weather became so very cold that one could not work on the prairie, I started for the shelter of the Rocky mountains along with a trainload of others who were thrown out of work by the freezing of the earth so that the dirt could not be plowed and scraped. In the mountains the rockwork could be done just as well as in summer, and the timber camps would also furnish a shelter from the extremely cold wind of the prairie country. We crossed the Missouri river at Bismarck on the Northern Pacific railroad, and one evening our train slowed down on a loose track, then stopped altogether for the want of a track to run on. We were within one mile of Miles City, Montana.

SECTION XIV.

I had noticed ever since we crossed the Missouri river that many of the men we met seemed to be hunters; their belts were filled with Winchester arms and ammunition and knives, and now that we left the train about half of the men we met were armed in this way, or, at least had one or more revolvers in their

belts. At first it looked silly to me; but later on I thought different of it.

Another young man and myself camped that night by the fire of some freighters instead of going on to the town.

Until the railroads came into the west, freight was carried by teams, largely oxen, the teams consisting of ten yokes of oxen, and they drew two wagons. These wagons were about three times as large as the common eastern wagon, and are covered. The front wagon had a great tongue that was used by the heaviest pair of cattle in the team. The second one had but a short one about three feet long, that was fastened by a great clevis to the center of the hind axle of the front wagon. These freighting outfits came east until they met the steam trains that brought goods for the mines and other industries. They loaded four tons on the front wagon and three on the hind one. Seven tons, for ten yokes of oxen, was considered a load. Several teams, varying in number, were called a freighting train, or outfit. There were only three teams in this outfit, and but four men, this being a small train. The drivers were called whackers, one for each team, and a night herder. At night the oxen are turned out to graze and a man, well mounted, rides, continually around them all night, to keep them together, and bring them in at daylight. He then eats his breakfast, helps about getting the start made, then climbs into a wagon and is rocked to sleep on plenty of blankets which are piled in between the load and the canvas cover. Under him there might be barrels of flour for

the stores, kegs of oysters for the restaurants, bales of blankets for the soldiers, cases of cartridges for the hunters, dynamite for the miners, but certainly there were barrels of booze and various packages of tobacco ; for without these two last named articles, the population that Montana then had would have migrated within one month.

Thèse whackers were sociable ; they showed us how they used their whips, which consisted of a lash about fifteen feet long and nearly an inch in diameter along near the middle ; this is fastened to a stalk about thirty inches long, and the blow they can deliver with one of them is terrible. They can sound a warning to the line of toiling oxen that sounds but little different from the report of a rifle, usually causing any laggard to lift honestly in the yoke. The goad stick of the lumber woods is only a toy, compared to this whip as an instrument of punishment.

Morning came, and we left our friends to load their enormous wagons with supplies to be hauled up the Yellowstone Valley. We were told that men were wanted to work in camps at different points not far separated from each other, and scattered for a distance of one hundred miles up the Yellowstone Valley.

The few buildings that constituted Miles City, wore a dilapidated appearance in general. There were two or three hotels, probably a dozen stores where they sold groceries, clothing, guns and ammunition of all descriptions. The stores were constructed, some of logs, some of boards and some of an indescribable mixture of both, and finished up with additions of canvas.

The town seemed to be under guard; there stood, or sauntered, one or more men of the long-hair fame, of whom many, but probably not near all, wore the leather suit that he, himself, had made from buckskin that no other person had ever touched until he shoved his knees under the card table among those of some other slim hermit who comes out of the hills a few times each year to purchase provisions and dispose of his pelts. Some of these men stared at the crowd of tenderfeet as awkwardly as we did at them. There were two reasons for there being an unusually large number of these men here at this time; some, no doubt, wanted to see the steam line and were prolonging their stay a little longer than usual; others were taking advantage of the new, quick transportation, making it possible to sell buffalo meat farther east than common. This last mentioned item was quite an important one, for there was a herd of buffaloes in the hills to the south of Miles City, that winter, that was numbered by the thousands.

These miners and the other old-timers are much given to gambling, and the great amount of money being earned by the railroad laborers, and drawn once a month, made it a time of harvest for them. There were about as many saloons as all other places of business combined; they were all places of gambling, and the amount of money to be seen piled up on some of these tables, was astonishing. They sat, usually, two or four at a table, and there were that many piles of money and usually that many revolvers lying by them.

The number of intoxicated camp men lopping and staggering about this town was enough to shock me, and I thus learned a lesson at their expense. I decided not to drink any in this place, and succeeded in my resolution.

I had not been in the place more than a few hours when I met one of my friends, John Head. He had something to report, and said that there was an old-timer camped just over the knoll, who claimed to have an errand up country, and would take a load up to the Rosebud River, cheap, if any one wanted to go. We saw the man, and he agreed to make the trip for forty dollars. We soon had ten men together, that gave four dollars apiece, and we made a start that day. We thought that by going about fifty miles farther away from the track, work would be a little more satisfactory, as there were a great many men coming every day from the east, and many would not want to go any farther than the first camps that offered work to them, and this would keep the nearest camps crowded.

We started out from Miles City about four o'clock and passed the fort that guarded the city just as a few soldiers led a number of horses to water; the horses all kept their places and galloped along, showing that even a horse is able to appear well when educated.

We went into camp early as is the custom with western travelers when there is wood and water at hand. Every man carried his own blanket, and after spending the evening by the camp fire, we rolled up *in our blankets* and went to sleep. The driver was

astir early the next morning and prepared his breakfast so systematically as to attract attention; he had probably been cooking his meals for many years, and could make cakes, fry bacon and buffalo meat, and keep the coffee pot from tipping over and drenching the fire, with an air of unconcern that was admirable. It was still early when we pulled into the up river, or Fort Custer trail. The team, a pair of medium-sized bay horses, could not be expected to do any trotting, and frequently they had to stop and rest on steep places. At these places we always walked; getting our baggage carried was what we hired a team for really. We were much of the time in sight of the grading work of the railroad, which was off to the right and close to the river all the way, while we were sometimes in the valley and much of the time on the bluffs of the Yellowstone Valley. We had not gone far when we came to some coal mines, and some of us wanted to see into them, and as it was run right back into the bluff on a level with the trail we had a chance to walk along the little iron railway on which the small cars of coal were pushed along. Some seemed to think it a treat, but I became fearful of the roof falling in on us, as there seemed but little to hold it up, and I felt better when I saw the sunshine again, as my limbs felt curious while in the dark damp tunnel, but they served me well in getting out and overtaking the "outfit," as the driver persisted in calling it.

There was no lack of interesting things to attract our attention. Every little way there was the remains of some faithful old ox or mule which had found the end

of service as a freighter's animal, they being removed usually a rod or two from the trail, sometimes farther, the distance depending on whether the animal could travel, after being released from the service that caused his death. Anywhere along this trail one could step out to the side and pick up a long-necked bottle; usually they lay in sight on either side of it, and for years they had been accumulating, being thrown aside by the freighter, miner, hunter or soldier as he rode from Miles City, which was a main distributing point for liquors.


We had a chance to view a specimen of the wild red man, as we met one during the day that was no cheap guy. He was large and ugly looking, even with his affable grin, which he displayed to our troop as we passed him. There was plenty of possibility that the very weapons he carried were pulled off from one of the butchered men of General Custer, or some other unfortunate person, though at this time there was no trouble with the Indians; no doubt owing to the fact that soldiers were in evidence everywhere we went. To me, this was a dismal country. In addition to the skeletons of the domestic animals along the trail, we saw, in places where the trail drew close to the river, pieces of ground thickly strewn with the bones and sometimes with the decaying carcasses of many buffaloes, and the coyotes or red wolves would make slow but careful retreat as we neared them, sometimes drawing the rifle fire of our company.

Night came and we passed it the same as the one before, and sunrise, the next morning, found us in mo-

tion again. During the day we passed some posters tacked on an occasional tree, saying "One thousand men wanted to cut wood at Rosebud," with the man's name attached. This interested us, and we decided, as we traveled along, that we would investigate it. In the evening, after sundown we drew out of the trail close by Rosebud, and camped for the night. Some of us visited the place. It was at that time but a tent village consisting of a railway supply store and one dozen of the lowest class of saloons; the chief business of this place seemed to be gambling.

The next morning we bid good-bye to Tom Logan, our teamster, and set out for the wood-cutting camp, which was a day's walk farther up the Yellowstone, and since we had to now carry our blankets and clothes, we had a hard day of it, but reached the timber camp by sundown.

We hired out to cut cord wood, and timber for ties and piles. Most of us had our blankets, yet some had not, and they kept fire that night, and slept what they could by the warmth of it. The new employer was a man not quite forty yet, and weighing two hundred pounds, a well built man who had never hurt himself with work. He had red hair and his well-rounded cheeks were partly covered with coarse scattering red stubs of a week's growth; around his waist was a belt well filled with cartridges, and usually a Colt revolver. His camp was down in the scenic Yellowstone Valley, on the west bank, and at a place where the railroad line ran along in the bottom of the valley, and was all dirt grade, having been made ready for the ties during the



summer and fall. The cook's tent stood about ten rods from the grade, and between them was the line of the Fort Custer trail. Away from the river in both directions, lay ranges of peaks and great canyons, some of these untraversable, but all more or less covered with yellow pine. The railroad company wanted these trees for bridge piles, and in the Yellowstone Valley there were strips and clusters of cottonwood trees to be worked up into ties and cordwood.

On our first morning in camp, we all received an ax, I being among the number that was to cut wood at two dollars a cord and pay for our board by the week. Our work to start in with was on a point of land covered with cottonwood close to the camp.

I now had a job that I understood and I was not afraid to have any one see me swing my ax into a tree. I could fall my tree as quickly as any one about me.

During the second or third day of my wood cutting, there were three Indians came up the trail and turned into the timber road that came close to where I was chopping. There happened to be a young man working closer to them than I was, and when they got about opposite of him they beckoned him to come, and when he had approached to about twenty feet of them one of them said, in a gruff tone of voice, "toback." He was begging a chew of tobacco, but the young woodchopper thought he said go back, and the way he went back was a laughable scramble; small brush could not stop him. I hardly think any of the Indians laughed, but all of the pale faces did. They were *Crow Indians*, a very peaceable tribe, but we were all

tenderfeet, and the most we knew about Indians was that just across a few of those peaks from us lay the famous battle-ground where General Custer and his whole command had so recently been slain, and a thing quite fresh in our minds at that time. The red men soon had their supply of tobacco and went on their way.

The cottonwood trees that we were felling had a smooth brittle bark on their smaller limbs, quite similar to that of the eastern poplar, and they sometimes reached out over the river. One morning, I was surprised to find the bark all peeled off from many limbs, leaving them almost as white as the cotton, after which the trees are probably named. It was done by beavers, and they had fallen many trees themselves along the river bank, leaving stumps as large as fourteen inches in diameter and so smooth that they rivaled the workmanship of some of the prairie state wood choppers that worked in the camp.

SECTION XV.

One evening, as we stood and sat in a circle around the fire, warming ourselves and waiting for the cook to call us into the tent to supper, there came a clatter of hoofs down the trail. It was Crop. She was one of two saddle ponies kept about the place. They and four cows were allowed to run about loose most of the time. Just now Crop was doing service; she was

reined up a few paces from us, and the boss dismounted, throwing down the reins in front of her; any good saddle-horse broken in the west will stand if left this way. Crop was an ordinary Indian pony of the broncho breed, spotted bay and white, and she being a little more fleet than her mate, was kept more in service, and consequently was pretty thin in flesh. The Indians once cut her ears off, and this is why she bore the name she did. As the boss alighted from her back he was evidently tired from his ride, and he said gruffly, "I wish one of you fellows would take the pony and run in those cows." The cows were grazing about two hundred and fifty yards away toward the bluffs, and a jovial young fellow by the name of Jack Murry, who never hurt himself much with hard work, thought here now is a chance to have a ride and some fun getting those cows in, and he not only rode part way, but he flew. Once in camp, and just supper time, Miss Crop was anything but pleased with being headed toward the trail again, without having had time to get done puffing, but Murry was something of a driver, and when he began to punish her, she moved along, a little way; then, as if the thought struck her, that the quicker a job is done the better, she began to get over the ground as fast as any one cares to go for comfort. Murry would weigh perhaps one hundred and forty pounds, but she went as though he was not in the saddle; she crossed the trail with increasing speed. By the time they reached the railroad grade, which, *at this place*, was about two feet high, and soft dirt, *it being too dry to freeze*, Crop had attained her great-

est possible speed, and there she stopped. In the soft earth she planted her feet, stiff-legged, driven down by the force of herself and rider, she was well planted in the loose earth, and, as motionless as an old buffalo carcass lying not far away; not so with Murry; his part was not all played yet; the saddle had been doing just this kind of service for a number of years, and the belly girt broke, and Murry and the saddle continued their rapid chase after the cows, right along the shoulders and neck of Crop went the saddle, out in front they sailed, and gradually curved down to the earth, Murry in the saddle, and feet in the stirrups still clinging to the saddle horn with one hand just the same as when the fiery little traitor was under him, and to add the last possible touch of comic appearance to the scene; when Murry was up, at the greatest height and started down, he sailed out from under his hat, leaving it to come leisurely down between him and the pony. Most of the men saw the performance, and such a chorus of laughter and hurrahs, I am sure, the coyotes and wildcats in the rocky bluffs and jungles about us, had never heard before. Murry was a good actor, and he never stopped, but jumped to his feet, and not looking for his hat or anything else, took a lively pace straight for the cows, rounding them up on foot, enjoying the occasion somewhat, along with the rest of the crowd.

One day, soon after this, the boss came to me and questioned me as to where I came from and how much I knew about timber work, saying that he saw I was some kind of a woodsman. I told him I could do any-

thing about a logging camp, but scale timber. He said that he wanted a man to go ahead with the handling of logs, as there were to be several log buildings put up, one quite large, the others smaller, and said that, over a large tract of the mountains to the west, he had contracted to get out the yellow pine timber for piling, and that he had gone up the Rosebud valley the summer before with machines and men and had cut wild grass in the best prairie-spots, and now had lots of hay up there to be drawn down. He was going to build close to the trails so as to keep a stopping place for travelers during the winter, and would need the hay at this place. He thought I was the man he needed, and would give me thirty-five dollars a month and my board, from the time that I had come to his camp, and not bother to pile and measure all the wood that I had cut or figure my board either. This seemed to me like good fortune, and I accepted the position; however, I was not very optimistic about pleasing him. I thought I knew him as a hard master at first sight, and what little chance I had of becoming acquainted with him up to this time had confirmed my first impression, but I was not now the timid lad that I was when I first went to the camp of Sabin and Snow, and I took my place with a determination to override every obstacle. A span of mules was already on the opposite side of the Yellowstone waiting for a driver, the one having been discharged that had driven it there. I, with about twenty-five other men, crossed the river and soon had the logs together for a building *thirty by fifty* feet. A few days later the boss

showed me a pair of small bay mares, and said he wanted me to drive them always myself, and take good care of them as they were very valuable. One of them had a little cold at that time. He said that they had been stolen and run to Fort Custer, and were put through the ford while very warm. One caught cold and he had bought them at a bargain on this account. They were a fine pair, always against the bit, and eager to go. They would weigh very little more than ten hundred apiece, but would move a good-sized load, and their speed was astonishing, but was seldom brought into use. We called them Belle and Doll.

In a few days the logs for two other buildings were together, and we soon had roofs on, and leaving the finishing up for others to do, I began to draw hay down the Rosebud Valley, and up the Yellowstone to our camp. This was a distance of about eighteen miles, with about one-fourth of it in the Rosebud Valley having no trail. It required two days to make a round trip, two teams being used, and many were the trying experiences we encountered.

Upon leaving the Yellowstone we followed up the Rosebud on the right hand side for about an hour's drive; then we forded the stream and took to the wild country over which the wheeling was exceedingly rough. We had to lash everything fast to the hay-racks. We had a sack of grain for the animals, a sack containing bread, meat, coffee and a few cooking utensils; also blankets, an ax, long binding poles, and plenty of ropes, and the way we jolted along over the

frozen ground was sufficient to throw off anything loose.

The aim was to try and get to the hay and load up, and if possible make a start toward home the first day. The second day was the hard part, for once we had put on a load of hay the driving must be of a different kind. We often had to drive around sidling places, and even then sometimes, both of us stood, or hung on one side of the load to act as ballast. The one place that we dreaded above all others was the ford in the Rosebud. The banks at the sides of the river bed were about ten feet high, and so steep that they gave us much trouble in getting up with our loads. In from shore on either side, a short distance, was a coat of ice, and when the wheels dropped off from this into the water, which was about two feet deep,—if the wheels did not go down together—it would tip the load badly, and when we reached the ice on the opposite side it struck the wheels so high up as to block them and stall the teams. When we capsized a load on dry ground we could warm up by loading it on again. An instance of this kind usually provoked me, but once there was an exception. It came about in this way: Our loads, not large when first put on the wagon, were jolted down by the time we reached headquarters until they looked decidedly small. One morning the boss said, "I'll go with you this time, Charlie, and show you how to draw hay; it does not pay to make such long trips for such small loads." I felt the thrust at my management, and did not like to be shown. He did *not want to make me angry* and explained that I did

not quite understand handling the loads over the roughest part of the way. Says he, "You go slow and give the wagon time to tip clear over. But I'll show you western driving. You want to crack them right through." I had hauled hay on the new farms in Ionia county, Michigan, and when he told me where my mismanagement was I felt better about his showing me. We made good time and reached the great stacks of hay with plenty of time to load up. I put on what I thought best, then he loaded his wagon while I pitched to him; he loaded out over the edge of the rack farther than I did, and carried the sides up straight and high. When he said, "Hand me the binding pole," I passed it up over about one-third more hay than I had ever brought into camp with one team.

We headed for home, but directly he said, "We will camp here." There was a hunter's cabin a little way off, and he said, "We will stop there tonight," but when we reached it we found no one at home. We waited until quite late, and no one came. There were some green pelts curing about the place and plenty of fresh buffalo meat. A good padlock was on the door. I had slowly learned the nature of my employer in part, but was surprised to see him deliberately break into the place. I knew what would be likely to occur if the man of long hair came and found us there, but luckily he did not reach home that night.

We were out and moving by daylight the next morning. During the night the loads of hay had settled together, and were in much better shape to ride

over the rough strips of rocky waste and boggy prairie. I fell in behind the large load and for a mile or thereabout, the boss did show me how. He made me hurry all the time to keep respectably near him. There was a sloping strip of table land lying off from the main bluff well out toward the river, and from a rocky pass we came out on to this smooth-looking piece of prairie. We had already made something of a trail by our repeated trips, driving out straight with the canyon for a distance of about fifteen rods, then heading straight for the bank near the ford which lay in sight at a distance of perhaps one-half a mile. I felt revengefully glad over one thing, I knew that if he succeeded in fording the river with that load we would have to pitch part of it off before it could be landed on the opposite shore. As I came out into clear view, the lead team was taking a trot that beat my calculations. It was somewhat rough, for the tuft grass of the Montana ranges grows in bunches, making little knobs, and everything was frozen hard as could be. I was making all the speed I thought reasonable, and was on the point of striking a trot when the head team approached the turn in the trail without slacking pace. He intended to trot all the way to the ford. His load of hay was bounding and the corners of it flopping like the long wool on the back of a coarse-wool sheep as he gallops away from a dog, and as the long ears of the mules appeared to my view as they made the turn, the load rocked up on the two outside wheels of the wagon, then over on the ground went load, hay-rack, driver and all. I was not expecting him to do as badly

as that, and was filled with contempt, but saw also, my own sky clearing rapidly. I will make no attempt to tell how that man looked, nor what he said to the mules; to me he said almost nothing at all. To get the rack out from under the hay and on the wagon again was no small job, and when we had about one-half of the hay on again, he said, "That will do, being as I can't handle all of it; might as well divide it." When we pulled up at camp at dark he unhitched from the smallest load that I saw during the winter. This did not sweeten his disposition much, but in a business-like way he said, when I was about to start on the next trip, "Just do the best you can, Charlie, with that hay job."

SECTION XVI.

On one homeward trip we had extremely bad luck. It was already afternoon when we reached the ford, and by the time we had fed our teams and ourselves and were hooking the tugs again, it was about the time we ought to have been well down toward Rosebud village. We were heavily loaded and had reached the limit of the ability of both span, and were obliged to double up repeatedly. After shaping the ice at the drop into the water so both wheels would drop in together, I urged the horses in. They always dreaded the water as it was so very cold, for it was midwinter. When the bays found footing on the ice at the home side of the river, they struggled a little, but the wheels

were blocked by the ice as usual. We broke it and chopped as much of a slant as possible, and put on the mules, which was an unusually large pair. Their driver had ridden them across to tow me up the bank, as usual. To our dismay they all four, at first, were not able to make the grade with the load. Finally by placing one span clear up the bank and using a chain long enough to reach the tongue of the wagon, we succeeded in landing the load on the bank, and after a little less waste of time the second load was brought over and we were ready for a start. It was now late and night was surely going to overtake us at a disadvantage. We were out in a wide flat when darkness began to settle down upon us, and it was only a little later when I had lost sight of the trail. The team in spite of their heavy work day after day, were always champing the bit, and I could not trust them to follow the trail, for they would go too fast if I slacked the rein, and I could not think of stopping where we were for the night. The wind was having an unbroken sweep for a long distance and was making our cheeks tingle. I was anxious to reach some place where we could get water before camping or at least a sheltered place for the animals and ourselves. About a mile farther down, was a small run where there was water, and just beyond there was a squatter's claim and a family living in a small log house. I had seen a hunter go to the house once with a pelt hanging from his side, and that indicated that it was his home, and I had also seen a little girl with a pink dress on around there. I finally lost the trail and that was not much

to lose at this place, for it was very rough. Over to the right, less than half a mile, was a good chance to approach the river bed, as the plain sloped right down to the water, and away to the left was a wide-mouthed canyon that led up to the top of the bluffs, and from it the buffaloes had come down and across the flat where we were driving, making deep trails. When buffaloes go to and from water they do not spread, but go single file as cows go in the woods, and the wind blowing as it does up in this high country, clears the dirt they loosen, and the trail gets deep, sometimes so deep that they prefer to start new paths rather than bump their knees against the sides of the narrow trail.

I was over anxious to reach shelter and was driving in the dark when suddenly the horses checked their speed a little, then together they made a rabbit-like spring. I knew what was the matter when they surged ahead so violently but it was too late, the front wheels sank down in a deep wide buffalo trail and the load stopped with a jar that nearly pitched me off onto the horses. As the load went down, the horses gave a savage pull upward and broke the reach in two, right where it passes between the two cross-bars. The team pulled desperately and moved ahead a little but the load did not move. I stopped them at once and climbed down. A glance revealed the nature of the trouble and the fact that we must camp at once, neither of the conditions being very agreeable to us. Fortunately it was late when we watered the stock at the ford. We had no way of making another hole in the reach and I decided to go on to the settlers cabin and box-

row an auger of some kind. We knew about where there was some dry cedars, and bidding the other teamster to take Doll and bring some wood, I pulled the harness off from Belle and mounted her bare back. The mules were headed to a load of hay and tied.

I soon wished that I was on the ground. Once we reached the trail, which was only a little way to the right, I gave her free rein, and I soon got better acquainted with her. She started fast enough to suit me, and I was a fairly good rider, but she soon had me crying whoa! For some distance she gained speed at every rod and I was soon going much faster than I had ever rode before. I talked to her and pulled with every bit of strength that I could bring in use and she actually increased her speed. I now began to realize what I had been driving. She was stock of the choicest breeding, and peculiarly trained. I pulled at times until it slid me forward onto her neck without her paying any attention to me. Rough ground, buffalo trails, rocks and sheets of ice at the run made no difference to her. All the ground was frozen hard and there was little chance to save my life if she was to fall; for a long time we were on such rough ground that if she could not have seen before her she would surely have stumbled. There was a curve in the trail at the run or creek and from there the road was much plainer and smoother. Had I not remembered the curve, she would have unseated me there, but I leaned in and kept my place. Straight ahead I could now see the light in the settler's window, and knew about *how far it was to another turn in the trail which swung*

off to the left just a little before reaching the house. I decided that I must stop her before I made that turn or stay with her until she ran herself down. She was all the fiercer as the road became better and would utter a little grunt at every spring, and could not have helped falling before long, so I took the chance of making her stumble by jerking with all my strength first one rein and then the other, and I succeeded in so distracting her attention that at the bend in the trail I guided her straight ahead. She wanted the trail but the light and building and my efforts confused her and slowed her down, so that I took the chance of leaving her back. I had a good hold on the rein, and after a hard tussle I stopped her and then she quieted down.

I went to the door of the cabin and knocked, and a lady's voice from within said: "Who is there?" I explained who I was, and that we had met with an accident and wanted to borrow an augur. She said she could not help me any, thus not denying that there was an augur in the house. Having risked my life for one, I wanted it, so I explained a little more by saying that I belonged to the outfit that had been hauling hay down the valley, and that she had probably seen us go up after this load, and if she could lend us an augur it would be left at the house in the morning as we came down. But she said, "My husband is away and I can not open the door. I judged by her voice that she was a real lady and that she was troubled at not being able to assist us, so I managed to say: "Very well, good night." But the thought that there was an augur in that house and I could not have it was ex-

asperating. I led Belle back to a camping place not easily forgotten.

I now realized the value of the team I drove, and this added to my care for the night and made me keep a lookout for any strange noise, as horse thieves were quite numerous, and every few days a man was hanged or shot at Rosebud and other nearby places, either for stealing horses or robbing in some other way.

The cold was penetrating and the night was long. After a supper of meat and toasted bread without coffee, we tried to sleep, but with no great degree of success. Our bedding was sufficient for any common outdoor condition, but the cold was intense and the animals were restless and kept begging for shelter. They all pawed the frozen ground by spells and the bays gave plaintive whimpers as they grew colder from lack of exercise. The wind ceased but the air, usually dry in this high country where it seldom rains or snows became somewhat damp and thus terribly cold. I got up and took the blanket off from Doll and buckled it over the one already on Belle and then did the same with the mules and turned the naked animals loose so they could exercise; this added to the comfort of them all, but not to the quiet of the camp. It was a question whether I preferred to lie by the fire or under the blankets, and it resulted in an attempt to blend the two and the burning of one corner of my buffalo skin coat, for which I had paid eighteen dollars, was the result.

Animals on the bluffs added their dismal cries to the *fretful calls* of the captive horse and mule for their

rambling mates. Altogether they succeeded in making it a miserable night for me.

A glow in the east was welcome. I routed John, who had been able to get more sleep than myself. We partook of our simple meal, and then telling him to catch the straying animals and harness them all I attacked the broken wagon problem. I hacked a notch in the sides of both pieces of the reach and lashed them together. We were on the trail again by sunrise and reached camp without farther mishap.

SECTION XVII.

My next work was to skid the piling timbers down the canyons to the right of way along the grade. Very few pines grew where there was a good chance to drive to them, as most of them stood out from the sides of sloping rocky bluffs. Often we drove one team or both far up in a ravine and circled around on to the first level, above which formed the top of the bluff, and let chains down the sides of the mountain to the end of a timber, and by the aid of the team we could straighten the log more nearly up and down, then taking off the chain and with the canthook and levers give it a start, and let it go down into the canyon below, and when we found a good, smooth place from top to bottom we would draw as many as possible from along the brink and shoot them down to the bottom. These pile timbers varied from twenty to fifty feet in length, and as they went down the precipice they would tear

through the dead cedars and bushes and rattle over and against the rocks with a boom and bang, that would echo and re-echo from the sides of the deep canyon which in some cases was rock walled, and straight up for hundreds of feet, yet there were more of the canyons whose sides were sloping, and frequently the slope was enough so that timbers would not run down alone and yet did not require steady pulling. This was a dangerous job and many times the team would be jerked by the sudden lurch of a timber sidewise or down. We were often obliged to drive the teams on slopes of rock where, if they had lost their footing, they could not have kept from going to the bottom.

The only thing that made it possible to get many of these valuable timbers, was the fact that the animals realized their danger and adapted to themselves a careful cat-like step. They would sometimes hesitate before starting in the direction that the rein guided them, and look back over their shoulders with a pitiful glance as though saying, Are you sure this is the only way to go with this log? Many times there was only one way and that barely fit for a mountain goat to travel.

We wore arctics on our feet, and the rubber soles made them as good for traveling on the rocks as river boots were for walking slippery logs.

When the calks on the horses' shoes got worn smooth they could not stand well on the sliding places, and I wanted the animals re-shod about twice as often as the boss wanted to pay the bills. But I learned how to get my way, and that was to say, "Very well, if they go *over the bluff* don't blame me. He artfully kept all

the responsibility on me, and when I urged him to come up the canyon and see why it was we could not land more timbers at the skidways in a day or a week, he was sure to be more needed among the wood-choppers and tie-hewers. This work was very exhausting to the teams, for in our endeavors to accomplish something each day that could be reported at night, we worked very hard, often only being able to land three or four in a day at the skidway. Many times in order to save the teams from being precipitated to the rocks below we had to come to the rescue with canthooks and catch into the sliding logs throwing the reins to the ground. Right here, on these arid peaks, came in play all the tact and nerve that I had acquired on the river drive, and among the falling timbers in eastern woods. I had grown used to harsh treatment of teams and teamsters, but the mute appeal in the eyes of Belle as she felt her feet giving way, or the groan of one of the mules when in despair, always brought me to their aid with the hook and not the whip.

The great danger was in letting a log slew around until it was straight up and down the slope, for then it would begin to run endwise, and if it was all one or both span could draw sidewise to the hill, it was more than they could do to hold it if it slewed around straight with the slope, and the only thing to do was to catch it with a canthook having a stout handle; and if we could not hold it then, let the hook hold in the log and the handle dig into the ground, and if the team was stopped quick enough the hook would hold it. The job of hooking a slewing log, is not enough for

any river man, and usually I had to let the others drive and take my chance with the team.

One of the pictures that I think of in the past that always starts a lump in my throat, and makes it hard for me to write about, is where the poor animals were being drawn backward down the slope. The great elevation and often narrow necks of the minor peaks on which we drew logs sometimes to get them to a suitable place to shoot them down the bluffs into the canyon below, caused the teams to be all the time apprehensive of danger, and more so after each misfortune. Sometimes in our haste to get them all off from a peak so as not to have to come to that place again, we rushed things a little too much, and took great risks if there were trees or rocks to guard along the side; should we loose control of a timber, occasionally a timber would cut around in spite of us and drag the animals backward. They would not allow themselves to be thrown down unless something tripped them, but would hold their positions and scratch with their corked shoes across the frozen dirt and rocks just like cats when dragged by the tail, and their terror was pitiful to behold.

One morning orders were given to cross the river on the ice and move the cook and his outfit across to our shanties, then start after more hay. I told John to take the mules, and I left the bays at the stable. The river was now all frozen over and we crossed with the team where we used to go with a boat when the shanties over there were being built. We put the cook *stove in last*, at the back end of the box, and the end-

gate would not go in. There were about a half dozen of us and when everything was loaded I told them to come carefully, and I went ahead to cut a binding pole and have it ready to put on the wagon when they came along, as we needed a new pole for one of the hayracks. As they drove up a bank there was no one watching the stove and it slid out and broke off one of the oven doors when it struck the ground. It was a new, large square stove and it was a pity to use it so. When they came to where I was waiting for them I put the binding pole on and went along with the load to the camp. They said nothing to me about the stove being broken. At the shanty door I left the same men to unload and I took the pole over to the stable where another man was rigging up the hay racks. I was anxious to get started and was busy getting ready as I heard the voice of the boss, who said, "Broke the stove!" Some one had ventured to give the information that they had had an accident on the way. After taking a look and seeing the condition of it, he broke out, and such a demonstration of unrestrained brutishness as he made, I had never witnessed before; the climax not being reached until he declared he would shoot every one of them, and made a dash for his gun which was inside the shanty. When he got outside again there was no one to shoot but the teamster, and he stood by the team with a gun in his hand, but concealing it, and he being a favorite escaped without fighting for his life. Not long before this the boss had come to me and asked me not to be so harsh with the men, and named this one; nevertheless, if he had known that John had his

revolver in his hand, one of them would surely have been killed. Such things were occurring very often. I knew that I must answer for some responsibility, and though I did not enjoy the prospect, I walked over and asked how it happened, addressing John. He explained, directing his reply to both the boss and me. I was asked why I left the team and load. I explained that I did not think that any of the others would cut a pole that would suit me, and I thought that after I had seen everything loaded, the rest of them ought to be able to bring it part way without me, as we were going to be late starting to Rosebud valley. This seemed to be the right course and he gave me a look of about half respect, and said, "Always tend to everything yourself, don't trust anything to these roundheads." There was a thinning out of boarders, I assure you. They may have had round heads, but they did not want them used for targets.

Once out on the trail again after hay the bays knew the way and I had time to think a little. I cannot recall any particular thoughts but the conclusion of the whole matter was, that it would have been better for me had I secured a better education and been able to hold a better position, as it was not very encouraging to be a straw boss foreman and risk my life once or twice a day on the average, to save the property of a man who was ready with his gun to stop me from ever drawing my pay if he could excuse himself to a vigilance committee by saying that I was destroying his property, and it looked as though that might happen.

The hay trip was made and work moved along as

usual. Not everything was danger, for after the storm comes the more pleasant weather. Our log establishment was divided into two parts, the back part being bunk room and kitchen combined. The front was the dining room and saloon.

One Sunday the boss said to me, "Come get out one of the teams and I'll show you where there is a barrel, the revenue inspectors have passed and we can have something for the front room." The freighters who, with their great string of mules or oxen, were continually passing up and down past our door, were always wanting something to drink. Stage drivers and their passengers often stopped for a drink and sometimes to feed their teams and stay over night. The place soon became one of drunken scenes.

I will tell you about Pete's only pie. All young fellows like pie, and though I passed everywhere for a man, I was not yet of age and must have been somewhat boyish, for I liked that kind of food and was interested when Pete said that he would make a pie out of tomatoes. He did not claim to be a cook when he came to the camp, but the cook disappeared one time after there had been a sensational disturbance in camp, and the boss told Pete to cook, and he had no other alternative. He was also the bartender, and between the cooking in the back room and the cares of the barrel and boozers in the front, things sometimes got a little mixed. One thing that made a complete treasure of Pete was his good nature, in which he differed from any camp cook that I had ever met thus far in my camp life. He could make bread and there were cans of to-

matoes—that being the only fruit available—so he used it. He made two crusts the right shape, put in the sauce, but how he fastened them together around the edge he never explained. He made a mistake by tackling it one day when the stove smoked and the pie took on an unfavorable color, but we had eaten pies before then that were even burned on one side, and were not a bit shocked by the color. It seemed at first a pity that he could not have made more of them at the same time, for this one had to be cut into such small pieces to make it go around. When we started in on the feast it seemed to be a little tough, the fruit oozed out at the sides and what I could get of that was very good. We disliked to leave any on Pete's account, and so stayed with it, but somehow Pete collected evidence against his first effort and did not try again.

It was getting close to spring, the ice on the river would soon begin to melt, and there was quite a lot of wood to be drawn across, and piled up on the railroad right of way, so that when the track was laid and the trains came, the wood could be loaded on the flat cars and be taken east to Dakota and other prairie countries where it would bring a high price. The river banks were steep at even the best places, usually about fifteen feet high, and perpendicular much of the way. The best place that we could find for getting up on the west bank was quite steep and we were obliged to double up at every trip. We usually put on about a half cord, but a half cord of green four-foot cottonwood is quite heavy and we had no breaks on our wagons, and many perplexing predicaments we got into, among the

stumps, against the rocks and on the steep banks. The wood was very coarse and many unsplit logs were all, and sometimes more, than one could lift. I was worn out with work and injuries of the past few months and was losing my ambition when an accident happened that brought about a change. I started down the bank with a load of wood at the same place where we had passed down several times, there was a little drop from the hard frozen dirt down to the ice, so we had some pieces of wood there to ease the wagons down to the ice. This time the bays could not keep their footing and the incline was so steep that the weight of the load instantly overpowered the team and shoved them along. They displaced the bridge chunks at the edge of the ice thus allowing the wagon wheels to drop abruptly on the ice, by this time both horses had their feet and were doing their best to hold back the load, but when the hind wheels struck the ice there was a loud crack and I stopped and examined the axle, it was broken almost entirely in two. This was the second axle broken and I knew that this would be unacceptable news in the camp and no knowing how much or what would be said. I took some time to think, then unhitched, towed the other man up the bank and told him to keep at work and only put on what he could make them handle alone. I had decided by this time that though I had the finest team that I had ever driven, I would not hitch them up again. There was not another wagon about the place and I had never seen much reason connected with any of the trying

circumstances at this camp and had no thought of it being introduced now. There was much wood yet on the east side and the thought of only one wagon at work would be irritating to a man of much milder disposition than our boss. I would go into camp and demand a settlement with him; let the result be what it would.

When I told him what I wanted, he gave me a look original with himself and indescribable, but I think not altogether unlike that of a surprised lion. He asked what was the matter and I told him that one of the wagons was disabled, so only one teamster was needed and to let the other man work. He asked how it happened and I told him, and that unless brakes were provided the other one would not last long. To my astonishment, he, instead of going into a frenzy, sat down and wrote out my time check. He was very angry and a little perplexed, but after handing me the check he began to try to persuade me to remain and get the wood across the river for him, but I held to a respectful, but firm attitude. It was evident that he gave the check so readily, only as a show of fairness to be followed up by a course of propositions. My own demeanor was also different after I had pocketed the check.

SECTION XVIII.

I was successful, and was soon traveling toward Miles City, but as I walked the grade with my bundle on my back there was time to think about what

kind of a country I was in and what sort of people had possession of it. I had worked in several camps east and west. Where did I like it the best, and what did I want next? I did not make a decision on these questions at that time. I just allowed myself to be drifted about; but I ask you to consider what I had to show for six years of hard work. It was all with me, as I passed by those dreary peaks of towering yellow rocks after which the valley is named; and they were fit monuments, with their patches of dead cedar brush, for many a man whose remains lie at their feet along the Yellowstone trail where over one hundred men were murdered during the time of the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad through this valley. The great amount of money in the hands of careless men who labored on the road, and the territory being far separated from the states made it a choice place for robbers of all kinds, and it was a common thing at Rosebud for a drunken man to be drugged or clubbed to death at night for the money that he had foolishly displayed, but I was one of the number that heeded the warning of others and kept sober.

I followed the trail toward the pay car of the Northern Pacific which was between Miles City and Rosebud. I had checks for about fifty dollars, in a land where it would board me sixteen or eighteen days if I furnished my own bed, which I was obliged to carry with me. It cost me eight and one-half dollars, and consisted of two double wool blankets.

I had a poor dilapidated body with which to apply for another job. I had a dread of showing what

there was left of me to the very man that I had served with an ability that could be equaled by few of the three thousand men working in that valley. I had a lack of an education that qualified me for anything better than I had been doing. How had I accumulated all this. I ask you to reconsider all that I have written, then you will see how I did it, but I will tell you why I did it.

When I was about thirteen years of age, on my way home from school one day, I picked up a small book in the sleigh track. I brushed off the snow and looked at it. On the front cover was the small round fac-simile of a ten-cent piece and the words "one dime." I read a little of it and was intensely interested. I took it home and showed it to mother; she said, "I do not think you had better read it." But the book was so fascinating that it could take right hold of a boy and not let him rest until he had finished it. It shaped my thoughts and was a part of what led me into a rover's life.

I did not realize that it was all an artful falsehood, and I thirsted for that kind of books, and that kind of life, for it showed up frontier life in such an attractive way. My brother gave me another one of these books and then I could get more, and after I learned that there were none of them true, I still wanted to read them, but for the pleasure of it, and did so as much as possible without mother knowing it. But it spoiled my desire for school books and made it easy for me to quit school and go to the woods.

Two years after I left the broken wagon on the ice

of the Yellowstone river I left a lumber camp in Michigan. I was drilled out and sick. I went to stay a while and rest up, with a friend by the name of Atkins, in that state. He charged me but a moderate price for my board and tried to show me a mistake that I had made in choosing that kind of life, and not getting an education. I had been staring at that mistake for several years. I had no education. He wanted me to see it and I had been seeing it more than I wanted to. He was called the stingiest man in the country but he gave me something while at his home, worth more than all that I had earned in the years I had worked for wages. He gave me the idea that if a man would read the best papers and study the right books at home he could become sufficiently educated to carry on any ordinary business and I was encouraged to begin at once. He took the Otsego Union, Chicago InterOcean, and the National Tribune, but I found it hard to remember what I read in them. I was so given to novel reading and not trying to remember that I had lost the ability to memorize anything I read like I used to when going to school. This showed me that novels had not only kept my attention from study, but had caused me to form a habit that was antagonistic to real study. This was discouraging but I was tired of knowing little more than the ox that I drove, and my little stock of good sense rebelled against the life that I had lived. I had broken the tobacco habit a year before this time because I saw that it was destroying my health, and now I had decided to leave the low associations of camp life and be something else than a lumber jack or

a railroad grader. I was bound by a wrongly trained mind, but having discovered my enemy I would be on my guard against him. I burned my novels and read upon useful lines, in spite of the fact that it was hard for me to accomplish much, but I was disabled for hard work by injuries received in camp and could do little else than read or study. I got a few books and pencil and made them worth something to me, much more than they cost. I soon was able to do light work. I tried my hand again at trapping the sly coon and mink, and made fair wages at it. My friend with whom I boarded caught the idea that there was money in pelts. He got a few traps and tramped the woods and swamps a little while with fair success, but his way was to make money with his head, and his legs rebelled against the required service, so he proposed to me that we speculate in hides.

To get a dollar without earning it once or twice was foreign to my practice or expectation, but he showed me that he figured his way through and that he was winning out, not usually working hard, yet he had laid up enough to buy out some of his neighbors the most of whom, I discovered, were envious of him because of his success, and disliked him more because of this, than because of his reputed stinginess. I found him honest. He said, "We will buy pelts and furs and sell them for a profit." My part was easy, as this was close to my old trapping ground and I knew all of the old trappers in the country. I bought most of their furs; he furnished the money and then resold them. We made it pay and he got me interested in things

above what I was used to. In a year's time I could do business alone and was trying to improve upon my old self. Soon, I was married and my wife was a great help to me in my efforts at self-improvement, she having had some experience in school work. She advised that we go to school again, after which she would teach and I should get lighter work. This plan was a success. She taught while it seemed necessary and best, and I started a little business of my own, dealing in pictures and picture frames with satisfactory results, at Lake Odessa, Mich., which is about ten miles from Clarksville, where we finished our schooling (though we studied there only one term) and thus ended my school days, which had been broken by such an unwise vacation, and I will end this writing by saying:

"Stay in school and warn others against mixing stuides and novels together."

PART II.

SECTION XIX.

A letter to his niece, by the author of *School Days and Lumber Camp Life*.

To Bessie:

Dear Niece:—Having not had a chance to speak with you since you have grown large enough to be likely to take up any reading of your own accord, I will now write you a letter of advice on this line. Although I feel sure that your mother has made efforts to forestall your mind with correct ideas of selecting literature.

First, I want to recommend that you read histories, and especially the biographies of people of our own country, those who have lived useful lives and have left some of their works to show that their lives were useful. It is interesting to read of people who have so lived that the people have voluntarily set up monuments in remembrance of them.

Of course I have no knowledge of how much you usually read, but I am sure that there are some companionable books that you will find sufficiently interesting; and the most beautiful feature of the biographies of our best men and women is that the study of them makes us better. The associating with them shows us how we can and why we should be improving ourselves and the excellent outcome of their efforts will not fail to inspire you with determination to improve yourself; and with such object in mind the opportunity will surely not be lacking for the desire will

cause you to make yourself more useful and lovable at home.

However, we find that those people for whom the nation is setting up monuments were travelers "up stream;" and we cannot drift that way; it means work, but we should make advancement and they are our present helpers just as truly as it can be said that they have been in the past.

When you leave biographies of Americans, take other American histories, then after that the noted people of foreign lands before the more tedious details of their countries which will become more interesting after you have made some acquaintance over there.

Be sure that you do not let anything else crowd out your school studies; make sure to get as good an education as you can, your mother can tell you how great a mistake I made in not stoying in school, and I am now very far from being as useful as I might be if I had a good common education.

The thought occurs to me now that it might be well to guard my recommendation to read histories, for all kinds of stuff is sometimes marked Histories, Founded on Facts, and other misleading statements connected with the class of stories which are much used by those who read merely for pastime.

Reading for pastime is all right provided we choose writings that will be beneficial to us as we think about them afterward; for we should never permit ourselves to read or listen to anything that is not worth reconsidering and remembering, and when you find that you have started in on a book that is not sufficiently in-

teresting to hold your attention, then stop right there; try and recall what you have read, what you liked and what you did not like, then lay it aside with fixed opinions of it, and possibly sometime you will wish to read some more of it; but do not go on turning the leaves and reading a page here and a few lines there; for in that way you only get a vague idea of the writer's intent and are not justified in condemning the whole book, and you will lose hold on the thoughts that you had from the thorough reading of the front part, where you gave the author a fair chance to do something for you.

When one reads carefully a while, then turns the leaves and skips along the balance; that is, reads only the most attractive portions, is when one of the most objectionable reading habits gets its start. When one does that way a few times they have less patience than before with the dry portions which are to be found in some good books. This is called the "skimming habit" and it injures one's ability to stay and get what some of the best writers have for us, and lessens our interest in books of the best class.

I am still regretting that thirty years back in the past I read some of the writings that are for pastime only; that made almost no attempt at educating the reader.

Any such books are trash, and if they were all burned up we would have nothing to hinder us from choosing among the helpful ones.

The fact is helpful writings are interesting, but the *writers of pastime trash* overdo in their efforts to in-

terest and thus become so sensational that their productions not only fail to be beneficial, but act as a barrier to the better works and are in themselves injurious; they are mostly novels, and if you will have patience with me I will explain what they are and how they affect their readers.

They are a distinct class of fiction, fiction being divisible into many parts.

I will mention three of them.

The part that comes to hand in our earliest years is termed the fable. In which the writer makes it appear that the animals, the trees and even the rocks and hills talk as though they contained reasoning ability and voices.

They are sometimes very useful and are freely used to entertain and instruct small children.

Then comes the fictitious moral stories by people who wish to teach moral lessons, but have no real accounts at hand that they can give. So they endue some imaginary person in either a real or imaginary place with the moral quality about which they wish to instruct their readers.

Works of this class are very numerous, and they have been useful in very many instances, no doubt; however, they are usurping the place of authentic accounts to an alarming extent. The lives of many of the people to whose biographies I have referred you contain manifestations of all the good morals, and there is a solidity to the inspiration that we get from them that is not to be found in the made-to-order article.

Some people call these stories good moral fiction and undoubtedly the term is applicable to many, but not all; for some of these writers do not show everything in the right light and sometimes the writers take us away among bad companions and seem to approve of the actions of this bad company as much as others.

If you should accidentally get hold of such a story be careful to put it out of the way of your two younger brothers.

SECTION XX.

I will make use of an illustration which I read several years ago. If I only had the little slip I would send it to you; but I can give the substance of it in a better way perhaps than I could construct an expression of my own opinion of certain writings. It ran like this: A lady and her daughter were walking out. The lady carried a beautiful rose. The daughter had under her arm a certain story book, and the lady noticing it, said, "I do not think you had better read that story." The girl replied, "Oh! this is all right; there is a beautiful moral in it." As they walked along farther they came to a muddy filthy pigpen. The lady halted there and tossed the rose from her hand to the center of the pen, and to the surprise of her daughter, she added astonishment by saying, "Bring it to me again." The young lady thought it would not be wrong to debate the propriety of such *an act with her parent*, and said, "Why, mother! How

can you ask me to step into such a place?" And the kind mother replied, "I only wish to make you think what you do in reading that book; for you can not go in among all that it contains after that little moral and come out unstained by the filth that has not the right light turned upon it."

I regret that I do not remember more of the particulars of the story, but as this lack of ability to remember what I read is the direct result of several years of carelessly reading that which I knew was not worth remembering, it spurs me along to give you the benefit of the lesson that has cost me so much, and I urge you to heed this long letter and make the best use of these, the days of your youth.

I will pass by these two classes of fiction at once that I may deal more thoroughly with the third, which is the novel.

This term applies to fictitious narratives that are written to exhibit the operations of the passions, and they are always written with the intent to enlist the sympathy of the reader with some of the principal characters, and the result is that the reader is continuously agitated by the pen pictures of the novelist which are usually overdrawn and unnatural in intensity. A few good men have written a few good novels, but as the term good cannot be applied to one in a thousand, I am not going to recommend that you read any at all until after you have become acquainted with the best of the flesh and bone people. I consider them the best company after having proved both quite thoroughly.

The following are the conclusions that I have arrived at during twenty years of watchfulness, which is the result of the consciousness that many young people are now making the same mistake that I did when I began to read independent of the advice of my teachers.

I allowed the story tellers of all sorts to occupy my mind with their writings until I discovered that they were carrying the joke too far, and then I refused to sit like a musical instrument and let them play upon me to my detriment and their financial betterment; for the novelist does play upon the emotional nature of his readers in much the same manner as a musician runs over the keys of his instrument. The names of the keys which the novelist uses are Hope, Fear, Pride, Desire, Joy, Grief, Love and Hate. This he does by interesting us in a story which portrays the actions of people who manifest all these passions.

It is impossible for people to read the intensely interesting stories of love and adventure, and not sympathize more or less with some of the characters who are the central figures that are passed through the experiences that make such stories thrilling to the readers, and through sympathy the writer exercises the emotional nature altogether too much for the benefit of the reader, and the result is that these stories continuously read change the moral character of their readers. Many young ladies of the best disposition and intent have read and reread of the rash but always fortunate acts of noted beauties who in unwarranted *ways give their word, their hand, their lips and them-*

selves under questionable conditions, and then have thoughtlessly done likewise themselves who would have refrained from the same acts, but for the fact of having associated mentally with many of the careless but apparently successful companions; for we make companions, in a sense, of every one whose history we study; and companions influence us, in a degree. Thus the novelist in most instances alters the ideas and the actions of his pupils which we surely are as long as we give our attention to the productions of his imagination. I will give one illustration to show how the character is altered by the artistic novelist. It is done just as a smith forms a knife from a file. The smith puts a fine piece of steel constituting a file into the fire and when it becomes shapable from the action of the heat he strikes it this way and that way, making it thin and smooth and fit to cut wood, bread or meat and other comparatively soft things; whereas, in its other form it would cut iron bolts and bars, or sharpen the teeth of a steel saw. Evidently he has changed the nature of the tool just as the novelist handles the emotional nature through the avenues of the mind. By his artful efforts, he soon has his reader's emotions under control. He does not necessarily or usually try to injure us by this process. He just wants us to pay him and advertise him, and he knows that to accomplish his purpose he must thrill us with his story, and the next one must not fall short in its thrilling capacity, for fear we would be disappointed and neglect his ministrations. So he invents something more just about the same as the other, only more intensely

striking, if he can produce it; and this is kept up week after week, and the result is not that he has intentionally changed the character of his continuous reader, but it is done nevertheless in so many instances that most teachers and highly moral people are awake to the danger that lies in the sensational novel.

The use of each successive story to keep the reader's attention on his special line of thought; and the continuously occurring routine of thrilling experience of the sympathetic reader as we are led from exciting scenes of joy, danger, love and hate, that surpass anything real, and are only limited by the imagination of the writers. The continuous high tension of the stirred and burning passions, in the hearts of young people especially, exhausts the gentle, pure, natural emotions, leaving them partially destroyed and unreliable, just the same as a piece of steel that has been held in the fire so long that it has lost its natural strength, and is crumbly, so that a good smith can not then take it and depend on its strength or shapability. It is what smiths call "burned up," and is not fit even for old junk to be used in recasting at the foundry; it maintains its size though, and when cast into the junk box is liable to deceive some one.

Now it is a long time since I met you, and I never have received any communication that gave me reason to think that you in particular need such advice as this, but believing that every young lady needs this much assistance lest they become careless about their duty to themselves on this line, I mail it to you as a *token of my* interest in you, and if it should be that I

have delayed this until you have stumbled into the miserable experience that I did, then turn down such stuff and read something that will lift you up.

Well, no more for this time. Write soon.

I will suggest that you get the life of one of the noted musicians soon, if convenient. If you find no way to get what I have suggested let me know and I will find a way to help you. Tell me, in your reply, how you are getting along with your music.

From your uncle,

CHARLES.

PART III.

SECTION XXI.

MORE DIRE EFFECTS OF DIME NOVELS.

It is seldom that a judge from the bench expresses himself in such vigorous terms of personal desire to impose upon a criminal a more severe sentence than the circumstances admit as did Judge Brentano in the criminal court of this city on the 12th instant. Addressing himself to two young men, Guy Locke, eighteen years of age, and Thomas Buffey, twenty years of age, who had pleaded guilty to the murder of Peter Fafinsky, a grocer, on the 26th of April last, his honor said:

"It is my sincere regret that, under the circumstances, and in view of the arrangement made here in

this case, I cannot give you the extreme penalty of the law, and sentence you to be hanged. You ought to be hanged. You deserve it. It is the sentence of this court that you be taken to the penitentiary at Joliet—and let the record show that you are to be taken forthwith, without delay, Mr. Clerk—and there imprisoned behind prison bars at hard labor for all the rest of the days of your natural life, and I hope that you may never again see the light of day outside the prison walls.”

Confessions from both of the boys were read in court, and it was shown that one of them had sustained a wound in the arm during the struggle in which they murdered their victim. The object of the murder was robbery, as the confession showed, and the plot was deliberately planned. The boys had also “held up” a butcher on the South side, locking him in the ice box while they plundered the cash drawer. There are other painful details to the confession which need not be related here.

A brother of Buffey was present at the trial, having come from New York, at the solicitation of the young renegade criminal after the commission of the murder. “Reading dime novels,” the elder brother is quoted as having said, “has been the undoing of my brother. He developed a fascination for a free and wild life, and to those of his friends whom he had made confidants before he went away he had expressed a determination to ‘go out west’ and see the country. After that he suddenly disappeared and has not been seen since *until* he got into trouble and wrote home for help.”

The father of young Locke was present—said to be a gray-haired old man with a strong and kindly face—to hear the stern sentence pronounced upon the boys, neither of whom betrayed the slightest emotion or concern when Judge Brentano pronounced sentence upon them in such withering terms. The intense feeling exhibited by the court in pronouncing sentence is said to have been due to his belief that the murder had been most coolly premeditated, in case their demand for money should be refused.

This adds another to the long list of cases showing the dire and damnable influence of dime novels upon youths who read them. Boys, beware of yellow-covered literature. Parents, take good heed lest your sons be ruined by the reading of bad books.—Selected.

MORE EVIDENCE.

That the cheap novels, sometimes called "dime novels," now in circulation in the United States, play a very important part in the production of juvenile offenders is readily conceded by moralists everywhere. Reports reach the press almost daily stating that young boys have committed crime while under the influence of cheap, sensational literature. Only a day or two ago, in Mayville, Ohio, two juveniles were arrested, charged with having wrecked a passenger train. The boys, apprehending the seriousness of their offense, broke down and confessed to the court that they were prompted to commit crime by reading cheap novels. Thus it is evident that much of the responsibility for

the downfall of these two boys was due chiefly to the literature that they perused. Every reader will agree with me in saying that the authors of this class of literature are men of the wickedest sentiments. What then must be the effect of these sentiments expressed in print to be read by boys? Certainly the cheap novel is a great source of danger to the American youth. Parents, have you given this matter thought?—Eugene B. Willard.

A BOY'S READING.

The great treasure of English literature is the birth-right of our boys and girls. So much of the store as each one can, by reading and understanding, make his own is freely his, and forms a large part of his intellectual capital for pleasure and profit throughout life. But much, the possession of which will be most greatly to his pleasure and profit is beyond his reach after the

“Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy.”

Careful fathers give thought and sharp endeavor to equip their sons with that material capital which is supposed to ease their struggle in the business world; but too many fathers neglect to help their sons to gain that intellectual capital which saves their lives from mental poverty and from starved imagination.

Let us at the outset take an example: every boy of seventeen should have had an opportunity to read Robert Louis Stevenson's essay on "Gentlemen." The boy has been taught to read; the book is in his father's

library, or at least he has access to the public library, but still he lacks something to complete the opportunity which is meant in the title of this article. The boy is entitled to a personal introduction to the essay, which will make him eager to know it. It is usually idle, not to say foolish, casually to recommend any healthy boy to read "an essay" on any subject, and especially one on "Gentlemen,"—a subject about which he probably supposes he has heard quite enough already. Moreover, this particular essay is hidden away in the "Thistle Edition" of "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," which, as a whole, has little or nothing else especially appropriate to the boy. The boy's natural affinity for

"Schooners, islands, and maroons,

And buccaneers and buried gold,"

will probably have drawn him to acquaintance with "Treasure Island" without any particular introduction further than the verdict of some other small boy.

The first time that the boy comes to the study of the Civil War and its dramatic close at Appomattox Court House, his heart will be warm with enthusiasm for Grant and with sympathy for Lee. Then is the time to tell the boy what his friend, the author of "Treasure Island," has said about the one sentence that Grant added with his own pen to the articles of capitulation before he signed them, and how in that one sentence, "All officers to retain their side arms," the "Silent Man" wrote himself down to all the world as a great gentleman, is not a fine one.

The chances are good that, under such circumstances

the boy will read the essay ; but whether he reads it or not, he has had the opportunity, which is our point in question.—H. L. Elmendorf, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews.

LITERATURE AND YOURSELF.

Literature affects the being as well as the beliefs of men. An old writer has told us that over the entrance to the library of ancient Thebes was the inscription, "Medicine for the Soul," and Disraeli has said: "A virtuous writer communicates virtue." The essence of good books penetrates the whole being and is tonic to the whole nature. The quiet hour with a good book ; the silent, heart-searching message, not now possibly meant for some one else ; the opportunity for reflection and time to reach a decision on the points of disagreement between the life of the reader and the truths of the book—these are conditions scarcely otherwise possible, and the results have often been extraordinary. They have depth and strength of character, but lack that breadth and height which knowledge imparts. Limited education, unintelligent environment, sometimes even the preaching they are accustomed to hear, have been unfavorable to any large acquaintance with the great problems and broad policy of the times. Their minds must be informed before their activities and habits of benevolence can be reformed. They will be larger men when they are filled with great thoughts about great things. Many a man has had a new scope given to his life by some new acquaintance, a great man or a good book. Character may be strong, but

emotionless; pure, but purposeless. Learning may be broad, but cold; of the right sort, but useless. As regards a man's fitness for service, these things are necessary; formation, information, inspiration or character, knowledge, enthusiasm—that is the order of approach to life's work. To be, to know, to do, are the lessons we must teach men. Culture without character and culture without enthusiasm is a statuesque gentility—perfect, but lifeless.—Kind Words.

TROUBLE WITH THE PEOPLE.

A recent number of the Literary News contains a protest against the thoughtless reading habits of the age. The writer thinks the public libraries make reading too easy. Everybody in every village devours the library books as fast as they can be procured, without stopping to study or assimilate anything. It is well to distrust the surface signs of culture in so-called "great readers." As this writer says: "To read one book after another is not in itself more refining or improving than to eat candy as fast as it can be procured." It cannot be doubted that there is too much of this thoughtless reading, nor is it to be denied that such reading is sadly unproductive of culture, but it is to be feared such readers would be no less idle-minded if all the public libraries were abolished. The trouble is with the people rather than with the libraries.—Selected.

KEEPING UP THE READING HABIT.

It is a curious fancy that education is a thing to acquire in a lump and have done with it as soon as possible, as if it were measles. In nine cases in ten the child leaves scholastic associations on leaving school. When the graduates, in white dresses or their best coats, are reading essays on the art of government and the relation of the passages in the Pyramids to the astronomic theories of the Chaldeans, it would seem to a sympathetic observer as if the work of the school has just begun. It is too bad that in many cases it not only ceases but that the scholar goes backward. This does not mean simply that he forgets what has been taught, for much that we go through in schools is for training, not remembrance; but he forgets the influences that have surrounded him, forgets the lessons of history he has learned, forgets to follow those subjects which have been to him sources of pure pleasure and profitable research.

One does not so when he enters the business world with a fixed purpose. He knows that his preparation is never complete; that he must always study, examine and inquire; that he could not know all that is to be known of a subject if his lifetime were doubled. That man may well be alarmed who discovers that he has ceased to grow; that he no longer profits by new experiences; that he can no longer address himself with energy and interest to new subjects; for such a man has come to the end of his life, even though the day of *his death* may be far distant.

After falling into business habits not one person in a thousand tries to fall out of them. The easy way is the usual way, though it is not always the way of the higher profit. If one were to take but half an hour out of the twenty-four—though a whole hour would be little enough for profitable reading—he would before long be master of a theme, and would be a man of note in his specialty. He could command a language, or a science, or an art, and double his usefulness and happiness. And that is the main thing; to increase content. There is a mean satisfaction in the stagnation, but there is a high satisfaction in the knowledge that we are of use to our fellows, and that our lives are not in vain.

We can then associate with our seniors when we are young, and with our juniors as our hair grows gray; for as we age our minds will broaden instead of harden, our views and sympathies will grow warmer and mellow, and our place in the world will be higher than if we had merely dropped our books at the end of school.—Saturday Evening Post.

WHAT AMERICAN GIRLS NEED.

What American girls need is a high ideal—shall I say a new ideal?—of womanhood. To be pretty, to be daintily dressed, to be courted, and flattered, and coddled is the dream of most girls. The dream must be replaced by determination, energy and effort to be a helpful, hopeful, useful member of society. Womanly beauty and charm will grow of itself when the character has been formed on lines of eternal truth, self-

reliance and graciousness. Every girl should be helped at home and in school, before she is far in her teens, first to become an expert in all the work which centers in the home and in the care of the wardrobe, and second, to study some occupation, trade, or profession by which she can earn a comfortable living for herself and those who may be dependent upon her. I put domestic work first because, no matter what her wage-earning occupation may be, or no matter what riches she may seem to have in reality or in prospect, every girl should be practically prepared to be the wife of a poor man. In no other way than by strict training in cooking, laundry work, and general housekeeping, plain sewing and dressmaking, can such preparation be made. This doesn't sound romantic, but it is really dictated by the very heart of romance; namely, belief in marriage for love, and for love alone. "Love in a cottage," in a cabin—nay in a city tenement, and a flat besides—is a reality; but when a slattern sits beside the fire, when a peevish woman serves burnt fried steak every day, when unkempt children clamor, and the window-shades are all awry, then poor love flies away and never comes back, and to our helpless, dreaming girl how hard the reality seems!—Woman's Home Companion.

NOBLE IDEALS.

(Written by B. Helm.)

Once a noble sculptor stood before a block of marble and said: "There is an angel in that stone and I mean to *chisel* it out." When he had finished, there stood

not the marble but his ideal in marble. Men become largely what their ideals are. A little slum girl stood before a graceful statue and gazed long and silently; then left. The next day she came with face clean, and hair and dress somewhat tidied up. Thus the process went on till in a neat woman her ideal was realized in her. The grace of the cultured Italians is said to be due to the many works of art which their land possesses, and which have given the nation an ideal of that which is graceful, till it is second nature for them to pose and act gracefully.

THE VALUE OF GOOD BOOKS.

No such treasure as a library.—Whitlock.

People will not be better than the books they read.

—Dr. A. Porter.

Books make up no small part of human happiness.—Frederick the Great.

Books never annoy, they cost little and they are always at hand and ready at your call.—Cabbett.

The true joy of reading books comes only through one's own permanent possession of them.—Book News.

A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history.—Eyes and Ears.

Books are the food of youth, the light of old age, the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity, a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad.

—Cicero.

Give a man a taste for reading, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a

happy man, unless indeed you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books.—Sir J. Herschel.

Give me a house furnished with books rather than furniture; both if you can, but books at any rate. A house without books is like a room without windows. Let us pity these poor men who live lonely in great bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor, that in our day books are so cheap that every one may possess them.—H. Ward Beecher.

Carlyle pronounces biography "the only true history." He also declares it to be "the most universally pleasant, the most universally profitable of all reading," and further says, "There is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man; and there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed."

Terence says, "My advice is to consult the lives of other men as we would a looking-glass, and from thence fetch examples for our own imitation."

SCALES FOR WEIGHING YOUNG MEN.

Has he made the most of his school privileges, or has he neglected them?

Does he enjoy reading and study?

Does he choose the best books and papers, or does he prefer those that are immoral and sensational?—E. W. Curtis.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do; I get too much excited over it; I can't study so well after it. So here goes." And

he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great philosopher.—The Watchword.

Books were early designed for the permanent record of facts and thoughts of sufficient interest to warrant preservation. For centuries in the roll, and for the last four hundred and fifty-five years in the box form, they have been made increasingly more convenient for filing and for reference.

The average book is an address from an unknown author to an unknown reader. Frequently it has the apparent purpose to influence motive, or to determine conduct. Sometimes it is simply a record of facts from which deduction or mere entertainment may be derived. I very well remember my first, which fell into my hands at the age of five. Its most conspicuous sentiment was "Little children should be seen and not heard." Of this my mature judgment did not approve, and the volume was short lived. But the sentiment made permanent impress, for I have always believed that most children, whether five or seventy-five, talk too much. My second book given me by a pastor in my seventh year was called "Personal Effort." I have it yet. From then until now it has stimulated to earnest self-reliance and best endeavor.

What the child reads is not a matter of small importance, nor whether he reads at all. The pressure of school exactions frequently restricts his opportunity to the narrowest limits, or strangles his inclinations. Against both possibilities it is the parental responsibility to plan.

Limited time should not be wasted on useless read-

ing, and the common temptation to do so should be carefully warded off. Indifference demands skillful suggestion and wise direction.

In his recent message, President Roosevelt remarks in regard to public documents, "It is probably not unfair to say that many tens of thousands of volumes are published at which no human being ever looks, and for which there is no real demand whatever."

Doubtless there are many tens of thousands issued elsewhere than from the government printing office, into which no human being ought to look, and for whose existence there seems no reasonable excuse. It is said of a certain parvenu whose architect had insisted that a first-class home is incomplete without a library, that when the house was finished he asked his advice as to what to put on the shelves. The architect referred him to a bookseller, who in turn inquired his preferences. Being a man of one book—his bank book—he said he had no preference except that the books must be red in order to harmonize with the furnishings. There was probably a subliminal stratum of phonetic humor in the exaction, for no book should find permanent place on the shelves until it has been read, and has been adjudged fit to be read again.—Selected.



